THE

HEIR AT LAW;

A COMEDY:

IN

FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE COLMAN,

THE YOUNGER;

AND FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

On Saturday, July 15, 1797.

LONDON:

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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1808.

TO

MRS. INCHBALD.

MADAM,

WHEN I, lately, sold the copy-right of "The Heir at Law," (with two or three other dramatick manuscripts,) I required permission to publish any prefatory matter, which might appear eligible to me, in the first *genuine* impression of the plays in question. I had reason to suppose that they would be put forth in a series of dramas, with *Critical Remarks, by Mrs. Inchbald.** On this account I, more particularly, urged my *postulatum*.—I make no apology for writing Latin to you, madam; for, as a scholiast, you, doubtless, understand it, like the learned Madame Dacier, your predecessor.

Did not the opportunity, thus, occur, of addressing you;—did it not, absolutely, fall in my way;—I should have been silent:—but, as your *critique* on the present play, will, pro-

* The publishers had, certainly, express'd their intention to publish these pieces in their British Theatre; but have been induced by circumstances,* with which Mr. Colman has no concern, to alter their determination, and to print them in octavo.

L. & CO.

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* The above note is my *due*;—but, I should not have troubled my readers, nor Mrs. Inchbald, had I not address'd her in consequence of the intentions originally express'd by the booksellers.—Having written the letter, before they alter'd their minds, e'en let it go to press.

G. C.

bably, go hand in hand with this letter, I would say a little relative to those dramas of mine which have, already, had the honour to be somewhat singed, in passing the fiery ordeal of feminine fingers:—fingers, which it grieves me to see destined to a rough task, from which your manly contemporaries in the drama would naturally shrink. Achilles, when he went into petticoats, must have made an awkward figure among the females;—but the delicate Deidamia never wielded a battle-axe, to slay and maim the gentlemen.

My writings (if they deserve the name) are replete with error;—but, dear madam! why would you not apply to *me?*—I should have been as zealous to save you trouble, as a beau to pick up your fan.—I could have, easily, pointed to *twenty* of my blots, in the *right* places, which have escaped you, in the labour of discovering *one*, in the wrong.

But, madam, I tire you.—A word or two, first, for my *late* FATHER;—then, for myself,—and I have done. In your *criticism* upon "*The Jealous Wife*," (a sterling comedy, which must live on the English stage, till taste and morality expire,) YOU say, that, after this play, "it appears Mr. Colman's talents for dramatick writing *fail'd*; or, AT LEAST, his *ardour abated.*"—Fy, on these bitters, madam, which you sprinkle with honey!—Whether his talent did, or did not, fail, (I presume to say *not*,) is no point in question: but you have gone out of the way to assert it; mixing, *ad libitum*, the biographer with the critick.—Oh, madam!—is

this *grateful?*—is it *graceful*, from an ingenious lady, who was originally encouraged, and brought forward, as an authoress, by that *very man*, on whose tomb she idly plants this poisonous weed of remark, to choke the laurels which justly grace his memory?

As to the history of my father's writing "The Clandestine Marriage," jointly, with Mr. Garrick, it is a pity, (since you chose to enter into it,) that you had not proceeded to all the inquiry within your reach, instead of trusting to vague report, or your own conjecture. I should have been gratified, madam, in giving you every information on that subject, which I received from my father's lips; and you have no reason, I trust, to suspect that I should depart from his known veracity.—How happen'd, madam, this omission of *duty*, to your publishers, and the publick?

As to my own trifling plays, which you have done me the honour to notice, allow me, merely, to ask a few questions.

Inkle and Yarico.—Pray, madam, why is it an "important fault" to bring *Yarico* from America, instead of Africa; when *Ligon*, (whence the story in the Spectator is taken,) records the circumstance as a *fact?* *—Pray,

* *Yarico* is not a solitary evidence, to clear me from this *important fault* of resorting to the Main of America for a slave. —"As for the *Indians*, we have but few, and those fetch'd from other countries; some from the neighbouring islands, some from the Main, *which we make slaves*," &c. &c.

Ligon's History of Barbadoes.

After this, it would be well for Mrs. Inchbald to reflect, that it may, *sometimes*, be necessary for a CRITICK on one book to have read another!

G. C.

madam, why did you not, rather, observe, that it is a worse fault (excusable only in the carelessness of youth) to put lions and tigers in the woods of America, and to give *Wowski* a Polish denomination?

Mountaineers.—Pray, madam, why should you kill the *Mountaineers* with *Mr. Kemble?*—Pray, madam, has not Octavian been acted repeatedly (though, certainly, never so excellently as by Mr. Kemble,) to very full houses, without him?—Pray, madam, did you ever ask the Treasurer of the Haymarket Theatre this question?

Poor Gentleman.—Pray, madam, do you mean a compliment, or rebuke, when you say that this comedy exacts *rigid criticism?*—"*not from its want of* INGENUITY *or* POWERS OF AMUSEMENT, *but that both these requisites fall* INFINITELY, *here, below the talents of the author.*"—Pray, do not the subjects, which present themselves to all authors, make all authors, sometimes, appear unequal?—And when *you*, madam, as an author, have shewn *ingenuity*, and *powers of amusement*, to "auditors and readers," have they not been content,—and have not you been content, too?

John Bull.—You have taken him only by the tip of his horns, madam:—but if Irish bog-trotters, and Yorkshire clowns, were (according to your prescription) to talk like gentlemen, pray, madam, might not a lady invite them, very innocently, some afternoon, to a ball and supper?

You, really, clothe your *Remarks*, madam, in very smooth language.—Permit me to take my leave in a quotation from them, with some little alteration:—

"*Beauty*, with all its charms, will not constitute a good *Remarker*. A very inferior *Dramatick Critique* may be, in the highest degree, pointed."

I have the honour to be,
Madam,
(with due limitation,)
Your admirer, and obedient servant,
GEORGE COLMAN,
THE YOUNGER.

January, 1808.

TO

JOHN FAWCETT, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

To you I dedicate the Comedy of "The Heir at Law," as a trifling token of my great regard for your private worth, and publick talent. In the several characters you have undertaken for me, on the stage of a theatre;—in the single, and uniform, character, you have sustain'd towards me, on the stage of life;—you have, constantly, given me reason to rejoice: and I feel a two-fold pleasure in, thus, expressing my sense of the advantages I have received, from so excellent an actor, and so excellent a friend.

It would be superfluous to tell the world,—what the world so well knows,—how great a favourite with them *you* have render'd Doctor Pangloss;—besides, Job Thornberry, and some others of our acquaintance, to whom your abilities have given equal claims, might, justly, be jealous of him, and think themselves slighted.

I conclude, then, by assuring you, how very truly, and gratefully,

I am,

My dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, and servant,

GEORGE COLMAN,

January, 1808. THE YOUNGER.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE HONOURABLE FRANCIS NORTH.*

SPOKEN BY MR. C. KEMBLE.

HARD is the task,—as you've been told before,—
And will, while prologues last, for evermore,
To furnish matter, in this critick age,
Worthy the liberal patrons of the stage.
With listless apathy the audience hears,
What none regard, an author's anxious fears.
Where'er the bard may be, the prologue's certain
Always to make him quake, behind the curtain.
His play, he owns, is faulty—bad, 'tis true;
He owns 'tis bad,—and *kindly* gives it you.
Our author scorns to woo with arts like these,
And boldly tells you, he aspires to please.
As once *Patroclus*, in the Trojan field,
Wielded the lance, beneath Achilles' shield,
So has our bard, *of late*, maintain'd the fight,
For Shakspeare shelter'd what he strove to write.
His faults, this night, to criticks be it known,
And merits (if he have them) *are his own*.—
Rash man, beware! cold Caution may exclaim,
Why risk your little sooterkin of fame?
Why quench the spark you caught from Shakspeare's flame?
Tho' leaving Shakespeare now, he trusts, you'll find,
He has not left poor Common Sense behind.
To make you laugh, each honest art he'll try;—
He loves, my friends, no more than you to cry.—
Yet, like an April day, his piece appears,
Or, more like real life—some mirth, some tears.
Plain Nature's simple path he keeps in view,
Convinced what Nature dictates must be true.

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* Now the Earl of Guilford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DANIEL DOWLAS,	*alias* *Baron Duberly*	MR. SUETT.
DICK DOWLAS,	- - -	MR. PALMER.
DOCTOR PANGLOSS,	- -	MR. FAWCETT.
HENRY MORLAND,	- -	MR. C. KEMBLE.
STEDFAST,	- - - -	MR. AICKIN.
ZEKIEL HOMESPUN,	- -	MR. MUNDEN.
KENRICK,	- - - -	MR. JOHNSTONE.
JOHN,	- - - - -	MR. ABBOT.
WAITER, (*at the Hotel*)	- -	MR. CHIPPENDALE.
WAITER, (*at the Blue Boar*)		- MR. WALDRON, JUN.
DEBORAH DOWLAS	*alias* *Lady Duberly*	MRS. DAVENPORT.
CAROLINE DORMER,	- -	MISS DE CAMP.
CICELY HOMESPUN,	- -	MRS. GIBBS.

SCENE—*London.*

THE

HEIR AT LAW;

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.

Lord and Lady Duberly *discover'd at breakfast.*

Lord Duberly.

But, what does it matter, my lady, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or a saucer?

Lady D. A great deal in the polite circles, my lord. We have been raised, by a strange freak of fortune, from nothing, as a body may say; and—

Lord D. Nothing!—as reputable a trade as any in all Gosport. You hold a merchant as cheap as if he trotted about with all his property in a pack, like a pedlar.

Lady D. A merchant, indeed! Curious merchandise you dealt in, truly!

Lord D. A large assortment of articles;—coals, cloth, herrings, linen, candles, eggs, sugar, treacle, tea, bacon, and brick-dust;—with many more, too tedious to mention, in this here advertisement.

Lady D. Well, praise the bridge that carried you over; but you must now drop the tradesman, and learn life. Consider, by the strangest accident, you have been raised to neither more nor less than a peer of the realm.

Lord D. Oh! 'twas the strangest accident, my lady, that ever happen'd on the face of the universal yearth.

Lady D. True, 'twas indeed a windfall: and you must now walk, talk, eat, and drink, as becomes your station. 'Tis befitting a nobleman should behave as sich, and know summut of breeding.

Lord D. Well, but I ha'n't been a nobleman more nor a week; and my throat isn't noble enough yet to be proof against scalding. Hand over the milk, my lady.

Lady D. Hand over!—Ah! what's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, my lord.

Lord D. Pshaw! here's a fuss, indeed! When I was plain Daniel Dowlas, of Gosport, I was reckon'd as cute a dab at discourse as any in our town. Nobody found fault with me, then.

Lady D. But, why so loud? I declare the servants will hear.

Lord D. Hear! and what will they hear but what they know? Our story a secret!—Lord help you!—tell 'em Queen Anne's dead, my lady. Don't every body know that old Lord Duberly was supposed to die without any *hair* to his estate—as the doctors say, of an implication of disorders; and that his son, Henry Morland, was lost, some time ago, in the salt sea?

Lady D. Well, there's no occasion to—

Lord D. Don't every body know that lawyer Ferret, of Furnivals Inn, owed the legatees a grudge, and popt a bit of an advertisement into the news?—"Whereas the heir at law, if there be any reviving, of the late Baron Duberly, will apply

—so and so—he'll hear of summut greatly to his advantage."

Lady D. But, why bawl it to the—

Lord D. Didn't he hunt me out, to prove my title? and lug me from the counter to clap me into a coach? a house here in Hanover-square, and an estate in the country, worth fifteen thousand per annum?—Why, bless you, my lady, every little black devil, with a soot-bag, cries it about the streets, as often as he says sweep.

Lady D. 'Tis a pity but my lord had left you some manners with his money.

Lord D. He! what my cousin twenty thousand times removed? He must have left them by word of mouth. Never spoke to him, but once, in all my born life—upon an electioneering matter:—that's a time when most of your proud folks make no bones of tippling with a tallow-chandler, in his back-room, on a melting-day: but he!—except calling me cousin, and buying a lot of damaged huckaback, to cut into kitchen towels, he was as cold, and as stiff, as he is now, though he has been dead and buried these nine months, rot him!

Lady D. There, again, now!—Rot him!

Lord D. Why, blood and thunder! what is a man to say, when he wants to consecrate his old stiff-rumped relations? (*rings the bell*).

Lady D. Why, an oath, now and then, may slip in, to garnish genteel conversation: but, then, it should be done with an air to one's equals, and with a kind of a careless condescension to menials.

Lord D. Should it?—well, then—here, John!—

Enter JOHN.

My good man, take away the tea, and be damn'd to you.

John. Yes, my lord. [*Exit.*

Lady D. And now, my lord, I must leave you for the concerns of the day. We elegant people are as full of business as an egg's full of meat.

Lord D. Yes, we elegant people find the trade of the *tone*, as they call it, plaguy fatiguing. What, you are for the *wis a wis* this morning? Much good may do you, my lady. Damme, it makes me sit stuck up, and squeezed, like a bear in a bathing tub.

Lady D. I have a hundred places to call at.—Folks are so civil since we came to take possession! There's dear Lady Littlefigure, Lord Sponge, Mrs. Holdbank, Lady Betty Pillory, the Hon. Mrs. Cheatwell, and—

Lord D. Aye, aye; you may always find plenty, in this here town, to be civil to fifteen thousand a year, my lady.

Lady D. Well, there's no learning you life. I'm sure they are as kind and friendly! The supper Lady Betty gave to us, and a hundred friends, must have cost her fifty good pounds, if it cost a brass farden; and she does the same thing, I'm told, three times a week. If she isn't monstrous rich, I wonder, for my part, how she can afford it?

Lord D. Why, ecod, my lady, that would have puzzled me too;—if they hadn't hook'd me into a damn'd game of cocking and punting, I think they call it; where I lost as much, in half an hour, as would keep her and her company in fricassees and whip sullibubs for a fortnight. But I may be even with her some o' these a'ternoons. Only let me catch her at Put;—that's all.

Enter JOHN.

John. Doctor Pangloss is below, my lord.

Lord D. Odsbobs, my lady! that's the man as learns me to talk English.

Lady D. Hush! consider—(*pointing to the servant*).

Lord D. Hum! I forgot—curse me, my honest fellow, shew him up stairs, d'ye hear. [*Exit* John.] There, was that easy?

Lady D. Tolerable.

Lord D. Well, now, get along, my lady: the doctor and I must be snug.

Lady D. Then I bid you a good morning, my lord. As Lady Betty says, I wish you a *bon repos.*

[*Exit.*

Lord D. *A bone repos!* I don't know how it is, but the women are more cuter at these here matters nor the men. My wife, as every body may see, is as genteel already as if she had been born a duchess. This Dr. Pangloss will do me a deal of good in the way of fashioning my discourse. So,—here he is.

Enter PANGLOSS.

Doctor, good morning—I wish you a *bone repos!*—Take a chair, doctor.

Pang. Pardon me, my lord; I am not inclined to be sedentary; I wish, with permission, "*erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*"—Ovid.—Hem!

Lord D. *Tollory vultures!*—I suppose that *that* means you had rather stand?

Pang. Fye, this is a locomotive morning with with me. Just hurried, my lord, from the Society of Arts; whence, I may say, "I have borne my blushing honours thick upon me."—Shakespeare.—Hem!

Lord D. And what has put your honours to the blush, this morning, doctor?

Pang. To the blush!—A ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning.—He, he, he!—Hem!—you shall hear, my lord,—"Lend me your ears."—

Shakespeare, again.—Hem!—'Tis not unknown to your lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen, long since conferred upon me the dignity of L. L. D.; and, as I never beheld that erudite body, I may safely say they dubb'd me with a degree from sheer consideration of my celebrity:—

Lord D. True.

Pang. For nothing, my lord, but my own innate modesty, could suppose the Scotch colloge to be sway'd by one pound fifteen shillings and threepence three-farthings, paid on receiving my diploma, as a handsome compliment to the numerous and learned heads of that seminary.

Lord D. Oh, damn it, no, it wasn't for the matter of money.

Pang. I do not think it was altogether the "*auri sacra fames*"—Virgil.—Hem!—But this very day, my lord, at eleven o'clock A. M. the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits,—He, he, he!—my *merits*, my lord—have admitted me as an unworthy member; and I have, henceforward, the privilege of adding to my name the honourable title of *A double S.*

Lord D. And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have richly deserved it. I warrant a man doesn't get A double S tack'd to his name for nothing.

Pang. Decidedly not, my lord.—Yes, I am now *Artium Societatis Socius.*—My two last publications did that business.—"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"—Horace.—Hem!

Lord D. And what might them there two books be about, doctor.

Pang. The first, my lord, was a plan to lull the restless to sleep, by an infusion of opium into their ears: the efficacy of this method originally struck me in St. Stephen's chapel, while listening to the oratory of a worthy country gentleman.

Lord D. I wonder it wa'n't hit upon before, by the doctors.

Pang. Physicians, my lord, put their patients to sleep in another manner. He, he, he!—"To die—to sleep;—no more."—Shakespeare.—Hem! —My second treatise was a Proposal for erecting Dove-houses, on a principle tending to increase the propagation of pigeons. This, I may affirm, has received considerable countenance from many who move in the circles of fashion—"*Nec gemere cessabit turtur.*"—Virgil.—Hem!—I am about to to publish a third edition, by subscription. May I have the honour to pop your lordship down, among the pigeons?

Lord D. Aye, aye; down with me, doctor.

Pang. My lord, I am grateful. I ever insert names and titles at full length. What may be your lordship's sponsorial and patronymick appellations? (*taking out his pocket-book*).

Lord D. My what?

Pang. I mean, my lord, the designations given to you by your lordship's godfathers, and parents.

Lord D. Oh! what my christian and surname? —I was baptised Daniel.

Pang. "*Abolens baptismate labem.*"—I forgot where—no matter—Hem! the Right Honorable Daniel—(*writing*)

Lord D. Dowlas.

Pang. (*writing*) Dowlas——"Filthy Dow!" Hem!—Shakespeare.—The Right Honourable Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly.—And now, my lord, to your lesson, for the day. (*they sit.*)

Lord D. Now for it, doctor.

Pang. The process which we are now upon, is to eradicate that blemish in your lordship's language, which the learned denominate *cacology*, and which the vulgar call *slip-slop*.

Lord D. I'm afraid, doctor, my *cakelology* will give you a tolerable tight job on't.

Pang. "*Nil desperandum.*"—Horace.—Hem! We'll begin in the old way, my lord. Talk on;—when you stumble, I check. Where was your lordship yesterday evening?

Lord D. At a consort.

Pang. Umph! *Tête-à-tête* with Lady Duberly, I presume.

Lord D. *Téte à téte* with five hundred people, hearing of musick.

Pang. O, I conceive:—your lordship would say a concert. Mark the distinction:—a *concert*, my lord, is an entertainment visited by fashionable lovers of harmony. Now a *consort* is a wife; little conducive to harmony, in the present day; and seldom visited by a man of fashion, unless she happens to be his friend's or his neighbour's.

Lord D. A devil of a difference, indeed!—Between you and I, doctor, (now my lady's out of hearing,) a wife is the devil.

Pang. He, he, he!—There are plenty of Jobs in the world, my lord.

Lord D. And a damn'd sight of Jezabels too, doctor. But patience, as you say—for I never gives my lady no bad language. Whenever she gets in her tantrums, and talks high, I always sits mum-chance.

Pang. "So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard."—Milton.—Hem!—(*they rise*)—Silence is most secure, my lord, in these cases: for if once your lordship open'd your mouth, 'tis twenty to one but bad language would follow.

Lord D. O, that's a sure thing; and I never liked to disperse the women.

Pang. *As*-perse.

Lord D. Humph!—There's another stumble! A'ter all, doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vermicular tongue.

Pang. Your knowledge of our native, or *ver-*

nacular language, my lord, time and industry may meliorate. *Vermicular* is an epithet seldom applied to tongues, but in the case of puppies who want to be worm'd.

Lord D. Ecod, then, I a'n't so much out, doctor. I've met plenty of puppies since I came to town, whose tongue's are so troublesome, that worming might chance to be of service. But, doctor, I've a bit of a proposal to make to you, concerning of my own family.

Pang. Disclose, my lord.

Lord D. Why, you must know, I expect my son, Dicky, in town this here very morning. Now, doctor, if you would but mend his cakelology, mayhap, it might be better worth while than the mending of mine.

Pang. I smell a pupil (*aside*). Whence, my lord, does the young gentleman come?

Lord D. You shall hear all about it You know, doctor, though I'm of a good family distraction—

Pang. *Ex.*

Lord D. Though I'm of a good family extraction, 'twas but t'other day I kep a shop at Gosport.

Pang. The rumour has reached me.—"*Fama volat, viresque .....*"

Lord D. Don't put me out.

Pang. Virgil.—Hem!—Proceed.

Lord D. A tradesman, you know, must mind the main chance; so when Dick began to grow as big as a porpuss, I got an old friend of mine, who lives in Derbyshire, close to the Devil's——humph! close to the Peak—to take Dick 'prentice at half-price. He's just now out of his time; and, I warrant him, as wild and as rough as a rock:—now, if you, doctor,—if you would but take him in hand and soften him a bit—

Pang. Pray, my lord... "To soften rocks!"—Congreve.—Hem!—Pray, my lord, what profession may the Honourable Mr. Dowlas have follow'd?

Lord D. Who, Dick? He has served his clerkship to an attorney, at Castleton.

Pang. An attorney!—Gentlemen of his profession, my lord, are very difficult to soften.

Lord D. Yes, but the pay may make it worth while. I'm told that lord Spindle gives his eldest son, master Drumstick's tutorer, three hundred a year; and, besides learning his pupil, he has to read my lord to sleep of an afternoon, and walk out with the lap-dogs, and children. Now, if three hundred a year, doctor, will do the business for Dick, I shan't begrudge it you.

Pang. Three hundred a year!—say no more, my lord. L. L. D. A double S, and three hundred a year!—I accept the office.—"*Verbum sat.*"—Horace.—Hem!—I'll run to my lodgings—settle with Mrs. Sudds—put my wardrobe into a—no, I've got it all on, and—(*going*)

Lord D. Hold! hold! not so hasty, doctor; I must first send you for Dick, to the Blue Boar.

Pang. The Honourable Mr. Dowlas, my pupil, at the Blue Boar!

Lord D. Aye, in Holborn. As I an't fond of telling people good news before hand, for fear they may be baulk'd, Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.

Pang. *Three* hundred a year!—

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life, six"..... no; *three*—
——————"*three* hundred....."

Lord D. I wrote him just afore I left Gosport, to tell him to meet me in London with—

Pang. "*Three* hundred pounds a year!"—Swift—Hem!

Lord D. With all speed upon business, d'ye mind me.

Pang. Dr. Pangloss, with an income of !... no lap-dogs, my lord?

Lord D. Nay, but listen, doctor;—and as I didn't know where old Ferret was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue Boar this morning, by the stage-coach.—Why, you don't hear what I'm talking about, doctor.

Pang. O, perfectly, my lord—three hundred—Blue Boars—in a stage-coach!

Lord D. Well, step into my room, doctor, and I'll give you a letter which you shall carry to the inn, and bring Dick away with you. I warrant the boy will be ready to jump out of his skin.

Pang. Skin! jump!—zounds, I'm ready to jump out of mine! I follow your lordship—Oh, Doctor Pangloss! where is your philosophy now?—I attend you, my lord.—"*Æquam memento* ..."—Horace.—"*Servare mentem* ..."—Hem! Bless me, I'm all in a fluster.—L. L. D., A double S, and three hundred a——I attend your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Blue Boar Inn, Holborn.

Enter Waiter, *shewing in* Zekiel Homespun, *and* Cicely Homespun; Zekiel *carrying a Portmanteau.*

Waiter. This way, if you please, sir.

Zek. So here we be, at last, in London, at the ——What be your sign, young man?

Waiter. The Blue Boar, Sir; one of the oldest houses in Holborn.

Zek. Oldest! why, as you do say, young man,

it do seem in a tumble-downish kind of a condition, indeed!

Waiter. Shall I put your portmanteau on the table, sir? (*offering to take it.*)

Zek. (*jerking it from him*) No, but you don't tho'. I ha' heard o' the tricks o' London, though I ne'er sat foot in't afore. Master Blue Boar, you ha' gotten the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell ye.

Cicely. La! brother Zekiel! I dare say the young man is honest.

Zek. Haply he may be, Cicely; but the honest chaps o' this town, as I be told, do need a deal o' looking a'ter. Where can Dick Dowlas, now, be a loitering so long, in the yard?

Waiter. The gentleman that came in the coach with you, sir?

Zek. Yes, yes; the gentleman wi' all his cloaths in his hand, tied up in a little blue and white pocket handkerchief.

Waiter. Shall I bid him come up, sir?

Zek. Aye, be so kind, will ye?

Waiter. I shall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Zek. I ha' nothing left but this portmanteau and you, Cicely: if I was to lose either of you, what would become of poor Zekiel Homespun?

Cicely. Dear, now! this was the cry all along upon the road. Don't be down-hearted, brother; there be plenty of ways of getting bread, in London.

Zek. Oh, plenty, plenty!—but many of the ways, they do say, be so foul, and the bread be so dirty, 'twould turn a nice stomach to eat on't.

Cicely. Well, I do declare, it seems a pure place! with a power of rich gentlefolks, for certain; for I saw No. 945 upon one of their coach-doors, as we came along; and, no doubt, there be more of them still. I do so like it, Zekiel!

Zek. Don't ye, now—don't ye, Cicely—pray don't ye be so merry! You scare me out o' my

senses! Think what a charge I have of ye, Cicely? Father and mother dead—no kin to help us—both thrown a-top of the wide world, to seek our fortunes,—and only I to take care of ye.—Indeed, indeed, I do love ye, Cicely! You would break your poor brother's heart if any harm was to befal you. You wou'dn't do that, would you, Cicely?

Cicely. I, Zekiel! I wou'dn't hurt a hair of your head, if I was to be made my Lord Mayor's lady for it. You have been a kind brother to me, Zekiel; and if I have the luck to get a service first, I'd work my fingers to the bone to maintain you.

Zek. Buss me, Cicely.—Od rabbit, girl! I be only chicken-hearted on your account.

Cicely. Well, but let us hope for the best, Zekiel. Poor father has follow'd mother to the cold grave, sure enough; and the squire, out of the spite he owed us, has turn'd us out of the Castleton farm; but—

Zek. That were bad enough!—tho' I could ha' stomach'd that—but damn him! (Heaven forgive us) he spoke ill o' father's memory. I'd as big a mind to lick 'Squire, as ever I had i' my life;—and then, as you do say, to turn us adrift!

Cicely. But we are young and strong, brother Zekiel, and able to get our living.

Zek. Why that be true enough, Cicely.

Cicely. Well then, come now, pluck up a spirit! Be lightsome and jovial a bit, Zekiel,—do now?

Zek. Well I—I'll do my best. Dang it, if we had but a friend, now!

Cicely. Why haven't we?

Zek. None that I do know of, bating Dick Dowlas, who be come up wi' us in the Castleton coach.

Cicely. Well, brother, I'm sure he'd go through fire and water to serve us. He has told me so,

Zekiel, fifty good times, by the side of old Dobbins's pond, by moonlight.

Zek. Aye, I do know he ha' kep you company, Cicely. I told him, when father died, that I was agreeable to his having of you, provided matters got a little more smoothish with you.

Cicely. Did you?—La, Zekiel!

Zek. Dick be an honest fellow.

Cicely. That he is, indeed, brother! (*eagerly*).

Zek. I ha' known him, now, seven good years, since first he came to Castleton; and we ha' been for all the world like brothers. Dick be a little rantipolish, but as generous a lad—

DICK DOWLAS (*singing and talking without*).

"O London is a fine town,
A very famous city!....."

Take care of my bundle, d'ye hear.

Enter DICK (*singing*).

"Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty."

Well, shan't we have a bit of something to eat?—just a snack, Zekiel, eh?—Here, you Waiter!—(*Enter* Waiter, *with a bundle.*)—What, Cis, my girl?—Come, get some cold beef, you.—How dost do, after the journey?—Aye, cold beef—put down the bundle;—mustard, vinegar, and all that, you know;—Cis likes a relish.

Waiter. Directly, Sir. (*puts* Dick's *bundle down, and exit*).

Dick. Aye, jump about, my tight fellow.—Zounds! how the rumbling of the old coach keeps whirling in my head!

Zek. I do think, Dick, your head be always a little upon the whirligig order.

Dick. If I hadn't got out to take the reins in

hand now and then, I should have been as muzzy as a methodist parson. Didn't I knock the tits along nicely, Cis?

Cicely. Aye, indeed;—Dick, except bumping us up against the turnpike-gates, we went as pure and pleasant!

Dick. Pshaw! that was an accident. Well, old Domine hasn't call'd for me here, yet.—Can't think what the old boy wants with me in London;—bad news, I'm afraid.

Cicely. No, don't you say so, Dick!

Zek. Hap what will, Dick, I'll stand by ye. I be as poor as Job, but—

Dick. Tip us your daddle, Zekiel; you've as tender a heart as ever got into the tough carcase of a Castleton farmer.—Yes, the old boy's last letter but one told me that things were going on but badly. Damn that chandler's shop!—bacon, eggs, coals, and candles, have laid him low. A bankruptcy, I warrant; and he is come up to town to whitewash.

Zek. And to consult wi' you, mayhap, as you be in the laa, about the business.

Dick. Gad, then, it will be like consulting most people in the law—he'll get nothing from me that's satisfactory. Old Latitat had as little business as I had inclination in the practice.

Zek. Well, but Dick, sure you can do somewhat in your calling. You can draw up a will, or a lease of a farm, now?

Dick. I can shoot a wild-duck with any lawyer's clerk in the county.—I can fling a bar—play at cricket—

Zek. That you can;—I used to notch for you, you do know.

Dick. I can make a bowl of punch—

Zek. That you can:—I used to drink it wi' you, you do know.

Dick. I can make love—

Cicely. That you can, Dick.

Dick. I can catch gudgeons—

Zek. Aye, aye, that be part o' your trade.—Catching o' gudgeons be a lawyer's chiefest employment, they do say.

Dick. Well, now to business:—here's a newspaper I pick'd up at the bar;—there is something in it, I think, that will suit Cis. Read it.

Zek. (*reading*) "Wanted—a maid"—

Dick. That's a difficult thing to be found in London, I take it.

Zek. So far 'twill do for our Cicely.

Cicely. Yes:—I'd better make haste and get the place, for fear any thing should happen, you know.

Zek. Let's read it, Cicely.—"Wanted a maid-servant, by a young lady"—

Cicely. Dear!—a young lady!—

Zek. "Who lives very retired at the West-end of the town—must be clean in her person;"—Cicely, be very clean.

Dick. As any lass in Derbyshire.

Zek. "And good-natured"—Cicely, be as good-natured a girl as ever—umph!—Well, let's see—"and willing to do what is required."

Cicely. Well, I am very willing, you know, Dick, an't I?

Dick. That you are, Cis.—Kiss me.

Cicely. La! Dick, this will just do!—I'm so pleased!

Zek. "If from the country the better."—Rabbit it, Cicely, this be the very thing! Tol, de rol, lol! "or if any farmer, in difficulties, from a numerous family, wishes to put his daughter to a service"—Oh, my poor old father!—this be the thing! "she will meet with the tenderest care from the lady, who has herself known what it is to be unfortu-

nate." Tol, de rol, lol! Buss me, Cicely!—Hug me, Dick Dowlas!—I shall provide for sister,—the care next my very heart. Tol, de rol, lol!—Rabbit it! I be ready to choak for joy!

Cicely. Dear, now! this is the rarest luck!—Live with a young lady!—I shall be so great and grand—

Dick. And grow giddy with good fortune, and forget your poor friends, Cis.

Zek. No, no—Cicely be too good for that.—Forget a poor friend!—When such giddy folks do chance to get a tumble, they may e'en thank themselves if nobody be ready to help 'em up.

Cicely. Now, I wou'dn't have said such words to you, Dick.—You know, so you do, if I was to be made a queen, it would be my pride, Dick, to share all my gold with brother and you.

Dick. My dear Cis!—well, I'm sorry; faith I am: and if ever I, or my family, should come to fortune,—but, pshaw!—damn it, my father keeps a chandler's shop, without custom.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. The cloth is laid for you, in the other room, gentlemen; for you can't dine here.

Dick. Why so?

Waiter. The churchwardens come to eat a great dinner here, once a month, for the good of the poor.—This is their day.

Zek. That's as they do down wi' us:—but I could never find out why stuffing a churchwarden's guts was for the good of the poor o' the parish.

Dick. Nor I, neither; unless he got a surfeit that carried him off. Come, Zekiel; you shall go

presently after the place; but first let us refresh.—What *we* eat will be for the good of the poor, I'm certain.—Cis, your arm.—Take my bundle, you dog; (*to the* Waiter,) and don't drop any thing out, for I've no linen to spare.—Come, Cis!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment.

Enter Caroline Dormer.

Car. I wish Kenrick were come back. My last hope hangs upon the answer he will bring me.—World! world!—when affluence points the telescope, how closely does it attract thy venal inhabitants!—how magnified are all their smiles! Let poverty reverse the glass, far distant does it cast them from us, and the features of friendship are dwindled into nothing.—I hear him coming.

Enter Kenrick.

Well, Kenrick, you have carried the letter?

Ken. Indeed, and I have, Miss Caroline.

Car. And what answer from my father's old friend, Kenrick?

Ken. Faith, now, your father's old friend, begging your pardon, answer'd like a big blackguard.

Car. Surely, Kenrick, he could not look surprised at my application?

Ken. Faith, he look'd for all the world as if he had swallow'd a bottle of vinegar. When I was his honour's (your poor deceased father's) butler, and help'd this dear old friend to good bumpers of Madeira, and be hang'd to him, he made clean another sort of a face of it.

Car. And has he sent no letter in answer?

Ken. Not a syllable at this present writing; it was all by varbal word of dirty mouth.

Car. Insulting!

Ken. Give my compliments to Miss Caroline Dormer, says he, and tell her I'm sorry for her misfortunes:—Bless you, says I.—But I cannot be of the smallest service to her.—The devil fly away with you, thinks I.

Car. Did he assign no reason?

Ken. Och! to be sure, an ould Skinflint doesn't always give you plenty of reasons for being hard-hearted!—'Tis fitting he should, Miss, becase the case requires it;—but compassion is compassion; and that's reason enough for shewing it, in all conscience.

Car. But, what said he, Kenrick?

Ken. Her father, Mr. Dormer's bankruptcy, says he, has made a terrible deal of noise in the world.—Aye, and a terrible deal of work, too, says I; for you know, Miss Caroline, my poor old master, rest his soul! was one of the biggest merchants in the city of London.

Car. True, Kenrick; but died, almost, one of its poorest inhabitants.

Ken. That's what the ould fellow said.—Her father has died so involved, says he, that no prudent man can concern himself for the daughter, or run the risque of meddling with his affairs.—And so he ended, with his respects, and a parcel of palaver, to you; and an offer of half-a-crown to your humble servant, as an ould acquaintance.

Car. And, yet, had my father's prudence been of his complexion, I doubt, Kenrick, whether this man would now have had half-a-crown to offer you.

Ken. Och! now, if I had but minded to tell him that!—But, I made the half-crown tell it him,

as plain as it could speak;—for I threw it upon the ould miser's table, with a great big whack; and, by my soul, he never jump'd so high at two-and-six-pence before, in all his beggarly born days.

Car. Then there is no hope from that quarter, Kenrick?

Ken. No more hope than there is in a dead coach-horse.

Car. I would wish to be alone, Kenrick:—pray leave me.

Ken. Leave you! and in grief, Miss Caroline!

Car. I would not have you, my good old man, a witness to my affliction.

Ken. What, and wasn't my poor, dear, departed wife, Judith, your own nurse—wet and dry—for many a good year? and isn't myself, Felix Kenrick, your own foster-father, that have dandled you in these ould arms when you were the size of a dump-ling? and will I leave you to take on, after this fashion, all alone, by yourself? (*half crying.*)

Car. Pray, pray be silent, Kenrick!—Oh, Na-ture!—spite of the inequalities which birth or education have placed between thy children,—still, Nature, with all thy softness, I own thee!—The tear of an old and faithful servant, which bedews the ruins of his shelter, is an honest drop, that penetrates the heart.

Ken. Aye, cry away, my poor Miss Caroline! cry away!—I shared the sun-shine of your family, and it is but fair that I should go halves in the ruin.

Car. A poor two hundred pounds, Kenrick, are, now, all that remain to me.

Ken. Well, come, two hundred pounds, now-a-days, are not to be sneezed at. Consider how con-soling it is, my dear miss, to think, that, with good management, it may be a matter of two years before you are left without a penny in the whole wide

world!—and that's four-and-twenty calendar months, you know.

Car. Had this hollow friend of my father's exerted himself, in the wreck of our house's fortune, he might, probably, have averted the penury which threatens me.

Ken. Och! if I could but beat humanity into his heart, through his carcase, I'd make him as tender as a sucking pig.

Car. Lord Duberly's death, too, in the moment of my difficulties!—In him I might, still, have found a protector.

Ken. Aye, and his brave son, too, the Honourable Mr. Henry Morland, that was to have married you.—Well, be of good heart, now—for he's dead!—the poor drown'd youth!

Car. Desist, Kenrick, I beseech you!

Ken. Aye, well now, you are unhappy; but you see I'm after making you easy.—Just as the two families had pop'd down the man of your heart for your husband, faith he pop'd himself into his decent watery grave; and I am left, the only tender friend you have in the world, to remind you of it.

Car. Remind me no more, Kenrick. Your intention is good, but this is torment to me, instead of—

(*Zekiel speaks without.*) Above stairs!—Oh! very well, Ma'am!—thank you, Ma'am!

Car. Hark!—I hear somebody inquiring for me, on the stairs.

Ken. Now, that's the worst of these lodgings. Faith, the people come into your house before you have open'd the door. (*A knock at the door of the room.*)

Car. Come in.

Enter ZEKIEL *and* CICELY HOMESPUN.

Have you any business with me, friend?

Zek. Why, yes, Madam,—it be a smallish bit of business, as a body may say.

Car. Well, young man?

Zek. Why, Madam, I be come to—Pray, if I may make so bold, isn't your name A B?

Car. Oh! I understand;—you come in consequence of an advertisement.—I believe you may leave us, Kenrick.—It was I who advertised for a maid-servant.

Zek. And, with submission, Madam, I be come to offer for the place.

Ken. This is the first time I ever saw a servant-maid in a pair of leathern breeches, in all my life?

[*Exit* Kenrick.

Car. You, honest friend, as a maid-servant!

Zek. Yes, for Cicely.—Curt'sey, Cicely.

Cicely. I do, brother Zekiel.

Zek. This be my sister, Madam.—We be newly come from Derbyshire; and, lighting at the Blue Boar—the great inn—in—Holbourn—that—but, perhaps, you may frequent it, Madam.

Car. Well, friend?

Zek. Why we stumbled upon your notice in the news, Madam; and so—and so here we be, Madam.

Car. (*to Cicely.*) Have you ever been in service before, child?

Cicely. No, never, if you please, Madam:—I was always with father, and minded the dairy.

Car. And, why did you quit your father, pray?

Cicely. He died, if you please, Madam.—It was a sad day for brother and I.—'Tis a cruel thing, Madam, to lose a good father.

Car. It is, indeed, child.—I can well feel it.

Cicely. And when he dies in distress, too, Madam——

Car. Did *your* father die so, child?

Zek. All along o' that damn'd Squire.—Mother ware gone long ago;—and, when children be left destitute, it be hard to find a friend to compassionate 'em.

Car. I—I will be that friend.—My power is little—almost nothing—but, as far as it can go, you shall find a protection.

Cicely. Oh, the gracious!—What a pure lady!

Car. But, can you refer me to any one, for a character?

Zek. I ha' gotten a character in my pocket, Madam.—They tell me that be the way they do take most characters in London.—Here be a certificate, from Parson Brock, of our parish. (*giving it.*)

Car. I see.—What can you do to be useful, Cicely?

Cic. Oh, a power of things!—I can churn, and feed ducks; milk cows, and fatten a pig, Madam.

Zek. Yes, yes,—you will find sister Cicely handy enough, I warrant her.

Car. All this will be of little service, in London.

Zek. Od rabbit it, Madam, she will soon learn here to put her hand to any thing.—Won't you, Cicely?

Cic. If I don't it shan't be for want of inclination, so please you, my lady.

Car. Well, child, come in the evening, and you shall begin your service. We shall not disagree about wages; and you will be treated more like an humble friend than a servant.—Kenrick!—I shall have only yourself and a poor faithful Irishman.

Zek. (*aside.*) An Irishman!—dang it, these Irishmen, as I be told, be devils among the girls.—My mind do misgive me; for Cicely be young, and thoughtless.

Enter KENRICK.

Car. Shew these good people, down, Kenrick; and take this bill to Lombard-street.

Ken. I shall do that thing, Miss Caroline.

Zek. Oh! then this be the Irishman.—He be a plaguy old one, indeed! Come, there be nothing to fear about he. (*aside.*)—A good day to you, Madam.—Curt'sey, Cicely.

Ken. Come, you two go first; for I must be after shewing you the way, you know.

[*Exit, following* Zekiel and Cicely.

Car. This simple girl's story approaches so near to my own, that it touches me. Poor innocence! —mine is a sorry shelter in your wanderings; yet, it may be warmer than one more splendid; for opulence relieves, sometimes, with coldness, sometimes with ostentation, sometimes with levity; but sympathy kindles the brightest spark that shines on the altar of compassion; and tenderness pours on it the sweetest balm that charity produces, when the afflicted administer to the afflicted. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE BLUE BOAR INN.

Enter DR. PANGLOSS, *and* WAITER.

Pang. Let the chariot turn about.—Dr. Pangloss in a lord's chariot!—"*Curru portatur eodem.*" —Juvenal.—Hem!—Waiter!

Waiter. Sir.

Pang. Have you any gentleman here who arrived this morning?

Waiter. There's one in the house now, sir.

Pang. Is he juvenile?

Waiter. No, sir; he's Derbyshire.

Pang. He, he, he!—Of what appearance is the gentleman?

Waiter. Why, plaguy poor, sir.

Pang. "I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte."—Chaucer.—Hem!—Denominated the Honourable Mr. Dowlas?

Waiter. Honourable!—He left his name plain Dowlas, at the bar, sir.

Pang. Plain Dowlas, did he?—That will do,—"for all the rest is leather,—"

Waiter. Leather, sir!

Pang. —"and prunello."—Pope.—Hem!—Tell Mr. Dowlas, a gentleman requests the honour of an interview.

Waiter. This is his room, sir.—He is but just stept into our parcel warehouse;—he'll be with you directly. [*Exit.*

Pang. Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Doctor Pangloss!—Fortune, I thank thee!—Propitious goddess, I am grateful!—I, thy favour'd child, who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-maker, in Milk-alley.—Little did I think,—"good easy man. . ."—Shakespeare.—Hem!—of the riches, and literary dignities, which now—

Enter DICK DOWLAS.

My pupil.

Dick (*speaking while entering.*) Well, where is the man that wants——Oh! you are he, I suppose—

Pang. I *am* the man, young gentleman!—"*Homo sum.*"—Terence.—Hem!—Sir, the person who now presumes to address you, is Peter Pangloss; to whose name, in the college of Aberdeen, is subjoin'd L. L. D. signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the dis-

distinction of A double S;—the Roman initials for a Fellow of the Society of Arts.

Dick. Sir, I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas;—to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoin'd D. R. signifying Debtor; to which are added L. S. D;—the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.

Pang. Ha!—this youth was doubtless design'd by destiny to move in the circles of fashion; for he's dipt in debt, and makes a merit of telling it.

Dick. But what are your commands with me, Doctor?

Pang. I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you, from your father.

Dick. Then, you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha'porth of cheese, in a chandler's shop.

Pang. Pardon me, if, on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one, for the future. 'Twere better to keep that "*altâ mente repostum.*"—Virgil.—Hem!

Dick. Why, what's the matter?—Any misfortune?—Broke, I fear!

Pang. No, not broke;—but his name, as 'tis customary, in these cases, has appear'd in the Gazette.

Dick. Not broke, but Gazetted!—Why, zounds, and the devil!—

Pang. Check your passions;—learn philosophy.—When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hum!—threw a *tea*-pot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber.—When Plato—

Dick. Damn Plato!—What of my father?

Pang. Don't damn Plato.—The bees swarmd round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swad-

dled.—"*Cum in cunis apes in labellis consedissent*, ..."—Cicero.—Hem!

Dick. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart.—Come, to the point.

Pang. In due time. But calm your choler.—"*Ira furor brevis est*..."—Horace.—Hem!—Read this. (*gives a letter.*)

Dick. (*snatches the letter, breaks it open, and reads.*) "Dear Dick.—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same."—Aye, that's the old beginning.—"It was my lot, last week, to be made—"—aye, a bankrupt, I suppose—"to be made a..."—what?—"to be made a P, E, A, R;"—a pear!—to be made a pear!—what the devil does he mean by that?

Pang. A peer—a peer of the realm.—His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

Dick. A peer!—what, my father!—I'm electrified.—Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer!—But let me see—(*reads on*)—"A pear of the realm.—Lawyer Ferret got me my tittle..."—titt—Oh, title!—"and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann."—"by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without *hair*."—'Tis an odd reason, by the bye, to be next of kin to a nobleman, because he died bald.

Pang. His lordship means *heir*—heir to his estate.—We shall meliorate his style speedily.—"Reform it altogether."—Shakespeare.—Hem!

Dick. "I send my carrot..."—Carrot!

Pang. He, he, he!—*Chariot*, his lordship means.

Dick. "With Dr. Pangloss in it."

Pang. That's me.

Dick. "Respect him, for he's an L. L. D. and moreover an A double S." (*they bow.*)

Pang. His lordship kindly condescended to insert that, at my request.

Dick. "And I have made him your tutorer, to mend your cakelology."

Pang. Cacology;—from Κακος, *malus*, and Λογος, *verbum*.—Vide Lexicon.—Hem!

Dick. "Come with the Doctor to my house in Hanover-square."—Hanover-square!—"I remain, your affectionate father, to command,—DUBERLY."

Pang. That's his lordship's title.

Dick. It is?

Pang. It is.

Dick. Say *Sir* to a lord's son.—You have no more manners than a bear.

Pang. Bear!—under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader;—being appointed your tutor.

Dick. And what can you teach me?

Pang. Prudence.—Don't forget yourself in sudden success.—"*Tecum habita.*"—Persius.—Hem!

Dick. Prudence, to a nobleman's son, with fifteen thousand a year!

Pang. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick. Give way!—Zounds!—I'm wild;—mad!—You teach me!—Pooh!—I have been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nut-shell:—sport a curricle—walk Bond-street—play at Faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the opera—cut off your tail—pull on your pantaloons—and there's a buck of the first fashion in town for you.—Dam'me! d'ye think I don't know what's going?

Pang. Mercy on me!—I shall have a very refractory pupil!

Dick. Not, at all.—We'll be hand and glove, together, my little doctor. I'll drive you down to all the races, with my terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

Pang. Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem!

Dick. I'll tell you what, doctor.—I'll make you my long-stop at cricket—you shall draw corks, when I'm president—laugh at my jokes before company—squeeze lemons for punch—cast up the reckoning—and woe betide you, if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home, after a jollification!

Pang. Make me a long-stop, and a squeezer of lemons!—Zounds!—this is more fatiguing than walking out with the lap-dogs!—And are these the qualifications for a tutor, young gentleman?

Dick. To be sure, they are. 'Tis the way that half the prig parsons, who educate us Honourables, jump into fat livings.

Pang. 'Tis well they jump into something fat, at last, for they must wear all the flesh off their bones in the process.

Dick. Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

Pang. Go, and call!—Sir, sir!—I'd have you to understand, Mr. Dowlas—

Dick. Aye, let us understand one another, doctor,—My father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you, for your management of me.

Pang. My lord has been liberal.

Dick. But, 'tis I must manage you, doctor.—Acknowledge this, and, between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.

Pang. Double my—

Dick. Do you hesitate?—Why, man, you have set up for a modern tutor without knowing your trade.

Pang. Double my pay!—say no more—Done. "*Actum est.*"—Terence.—Hem!—Waiter! (*bawling*)—Gad, I've reach'd the right reading at last.—

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life, *six* hundred pounds a year——"

Swift.—Hem!—Waiter!

Dick. That's right; tell him to pop my clothes and linen into the carriage;—they are in that bundle.

Enter WAITER.

Pang. Waiter!—Here, put all the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's clothes and linen into his father's, Lord Duberly's, chariot.

Waiter. Where are they all, sir?

Pang. All wrapt up in the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's pocket handkerchief.

[*Exit* Waiter *with bundle.*

Dick. See 'em safe in, doctor, and I'll be with you directly.

Pang. I go, most worthy pupil.—Six hundred pounds a year!—However deficient in the classicks, his knowledge of arithmetick is admirable!—

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life,—"

Dick. Nay, nay, don't be so slow.

Pang. Swift.—Hem!—I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Dick. What am I to do with Zekiel and Cis?—When a poor man has grown great, his old acquaintance, generally, begin to be troublesome.

Enter ZEKIEL.

Zek. Well, I ha'n't been long.

Dick. No, you are come time enough, in all conscience. (*coolly.*)

Zek. Cicely ha' gotten the place.—I be e'en al-

most stark wild wi' joy.—Such a good-natured young madam!—Why, you don't seem pleased, man;—sure, and sure, you be glad of our good fortune, Dick?

Dick. Dick!—Why, what do you—Oh! but he doesn't know, yet, that I am a lord's son.—I rejoice to hear of your success, friend Zekiel.

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty.—But, eh!—Why, you look mortal heavy and lumpish, Dick. No bad tidings, since we ha' been out, I hope.

Dick. Oh, no!

Zek. Eh?—Let's ha' a squint at you. Od rabbit it, but summut have happen'd.—You have seen your father, and things ha' gone crossish.—Who have been here, Dick?

Dick. Only a gentleman, who had the honour of being deputed ambassador from my father.

Zek. What a dickens, an ambassador!—Pish, now you be a queering a body.—An ambassador, sent from an old chandler, to Dick Dowlas, lawyer Latitat's clerk?—Come, that be a good one, fegs!

Dick. Dick Dowlas! and lawyer's clerk!—Sir, the gentleman came to inform me that my father, by being proved next of kin to the late lord, is now Lord Duberly; by which means I am now the Honourable Mr. Dowlas.

Zek. Ods flesh!—gi' us your fist, Dick!—I ne'er shook the fist of an Honourable afore, in all my born days.—Old Daniel made a lord!—I be main glad to hear it.—This be news, indeed! But, Dick,—I hope he ha' gotten some *ready* along wi' his title; for a lord without money be but a foolish, wishy-washy kind of a thing, a'ter all.

Dick. My father's estate is fifteen thousand a year.

Zek. Mercy on us!—you ha ta'en away my breath.

Dick. Well, Zekiel, Cis and you shall hear from me, soon.

Zek. Why, you ben't a going, Dick?

Dick. I must pay my duty to his lordship; his chariot waits for me below.—We have been some time acquainted, Zekiel, and you may depend upon my good offices.

Zek. You do seem a little flusterated with these tidings, Dick. I—I should be loth to think our kindness was a cooling.

Dick. Oh, no!—rely on my protection.

Zek. Why, look ee, Dick Dowlas:—as to protection, and all that, we ha' been old friends; and, if I should need it from you, it be no more nor my right to expect it, and your business to give it me:—but Cicely ha' gotten a place, and I ha' hands and health, to get a livelihood.—Fortune, good or bad, tries the man, they do say; and, if I should hap to be made a lord to-morrow, (as who can say what may betide, since they ha' made one out of an old chandler)—

Dick. Well, sir, and what then?

Zek. Why, then, the finest feather in my lordship's cap would be, to shew that there would be as much shame in slighting an old friend, because he be poor, as there be pleasure in owning him, when it be in our power to do him service.

Dick. You mistake me, Zekiel. I—I—'Sdeath! I'm quite confounded!—I'm trying to be as fashionable, here, as my neighbours, but Nature comes in, and knocks it all on the head. (*aside*)—Zekiel, give me your hand.

Zek. Then, there be a hearty Castleton slap for you.—The grasp of an honest man can't disgrace the hand of a duke, Dick.

Dick. You're a kind soul, Zekiel. I regard you sincerely; I love Cicely, and—damn it, I'm going too far, now, for a lord's son. Pride and old friend-

ship are, now, fighting in me, 'till I am almost bewilder'd. (*aside*)—You shall hear from me in a few hours.—Good bye, Zekiel;—good bye! [*Exit.*

Zek. I don't know what ails me, but I be almost ready to cry.—Dick be a high-mettled youth, and this news ha' put him a little beside himself.—I should make a bit of allowance. His heart, I do think, be in the right road; and when that be the case, he be a hard judge that won't pardon an old friend's spirits, when they do carry him a little way out on't.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Hotel.

Enter Henry Morland, Stedfast, *and a* Waiter.

Waiter. These are the apartments, gentlemen.
Henry. They will do. Leave us.
Waiter. Would you choose any refreshment, gentlemen?—Our hotel provides dinners.
Sted. No chattering:—we have business.. (*Exit* Waiter.) Welcome, at last, Mr. Morland, to London. After wandering over foreign lands, with what joy an Englishman sets his foot on British ground! His heart swells with pleasure, as he drives through his fat, native soil, which ruddy Labour has cultivated, 'till he reaches this grand reservoir of opulence:—an opulence which may well make him proud, for its honourable source is his countrymen's industry.
Henry. To you, Stedfast, who have no private fears—no anxieties for your family, the satisfaction must be exquisite.
Sted. Why, I am an old bachelor, 'tis true, and without relations; but the whole country is my family. I could not help thinking, as we posted to town, that each jolly peasant, and each cherry-cheek'd lass, was a kind of humble brother and sister to me;—and they call'd forth my affections accordingly. Rich or poor, great or small, we all form one chain, Henry. May the larger and lesser

links hold kindly together, 'till time slides into eternity.

Henry. Truce to these reflections, now, my dear Stedfast;—they do your heart honour; but mine is fill'd with a thousand apprehensions. My father, —Caroline——

Sted. A father, and a mistress! Duty, and love. —That's a slow fire, and a fierce blaze;—and, Doubt blowing the bellows upon 'em,—'tis enough to scorch a young soul to a cinder.

Henry. 'Tis strange I have never heard from either of them. After escaping the perils of shipwreck!—after the sufferings which follow'd,—a father—and a mistress, soon to be made my wife,—might, surely, have sent one line, to testify their pleasure at my preservation.

Sted. Aye, now make yourself miserable.—A young mind is too soon sanguine, and, therefore, too soon depress'd.

Henry. Why, what can be the reason that they have never noticed my letters?

Sted. Um!—there is one reason, indeed, that—

Henry. You alarm me!—What can that be?

Sted. That they have never received them.

Henry. Impossible!

Sted. Nothing more likely. Consider your last letter, from Quebec, told your father, Lord Duberly, that you had arranged all the business which had call'd you there, and that, in three days, you should embark for England.

Henry. Well, *that* he never answer'd.

Sted. I can't tell.—Probably not. Most people think it somewhat superfluous to write to a correspondent at Quebec, after he has left the place.

Henry. Pshaw!—I'm bewilder'd.—But, *since.*

Sted. Why, since, the chances have been against you.—Wreck'd on our passage—thrown upon the uninhabited part of the island of Cape Breton—

Henry. I shall never think of it without horror; —nor without gratitude, Stedfast. To your friendly care, (strangers as we, then, were to each other,) on that frozen shore of desolation, I owe my life.

Sted. Pshaw!—nonsense—we both met as fellow passengers, and were fellow-sufferers; and I happen'd to be the toughest, that's all.—To do as we would be done by is merely a part of our duty. —But, there is so much fuss made about it now, that I am afraid, the duty is too often neglected. I suppose we shall soon thank our shoe-black for brushing our boots, though we reward him for his business.

Henry. Yet, humanity, Stedfast—

Sted. Is every man's business:—and the reward he will, ultimately, receive for it, is far above human calculation. — But come,—thank Providence, and not me.—To survive, at the end of two months, when most of the small parcel of our comrades were dead, or dying, about us, with cold and hunger, is no common escape.

Henry. And, then, in a desperate hope, to launch our shatter'd boat, in quest of an inhabited country; and to toss about, for two months more, till, benumb'd and perishing, we were discover'd by the native and friendly Indians.—All this, Stedfast, was, indeed, a stout trial.

Sted. Then away with trifling fears, now. Since our deliverance, we have changed our ground, daily, on our return to England. The time—the distance —your letters—theirs—all may have miscarried.

Henry. May it prove so!—But, let me hasten to my father's, and clear my doubts.

Sted. Stay, stay, stay!—You know 'twas at my request you drove to this hotel:—now, pray, at my request, let *me* wait on Lord Duberly, to prepare him for your appearance.

Henry. But, for what purpose?

Sted. A very evident one.—The wreck of our ship has, doubtless, long been publick in London; and, as the crew, and passengers, are, probably, all supposed to have perish'd, your abrupt entrance at your father's might be too much for him.

Henry. You are perfectly right.—In the moment when our passions are afloat, how beneficial is the cool judgment of a friend to direct us!—But, shou'dn't I give you a line of introduction, to my father?

Sted. Umph!—why, according to usual form, indeed;—but I was never good at forms; and, in this case, it may be better to let me introduce myself, in my own way. I hope Lord Duberly is no stickler for ceremonies.

Henry. He has the manliest virtue, and the warmest heart in the world, my friend; but, I confess, to those who are unacquainted with him, these qualities, at first, are a little conceal'd, by a coldness in manner that—

Sted. Oh! I understand;—a little stately, or so.

Henry. Only a little of the *vielle cour* about him.—A long habit of haranguing in Parliament, gives a man a kind of dignity of deportment, and an elevation of style, not met with every day, you know.—But gentleman is written, legibly, on his brow,—erudition shines through every polish'd period of his language,—and he is the best of men, and fathers, believe me.

Sted. Aye, aye! I see, I see!—Grand and stiff, but of sterling value, like an old-fashion'd silver candlestick.—Well, I'll soon bring you an account of my embassy.

Henry. And, while you are at my father's, I will walk to Mr. Dormer's.—My suspence about Caroline is intolerable. I must see the good old gentleman, and he will break my arrival to his daughter,

Sted. Meet me, then, here, in a couple of hours.

Henry. Be it so.—A thousand thanks, my dear Stedfast!

Sted. A thousand fiddlesticks!—I hate to be thank'd, a thousand times, for a trifle. I know 'tis the language of the day;—but modern complimentary cant is the coinage of dishonesty,—for the profession exceeds the feeling:—and, nine men in ten, who give it under their hands that they are your devoted humble servants, pledge themselves to you for much more than they ever mean to perform. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—An Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.

Lady Duberly, *and* Dr. Pangloss, *discover'd.*

Lady D. And, how does my lord come on in his learning, Doctor?

Pang. Apt, very apt, indeed, for his age.—Defective in nothing, now, but words, phrases, and grammar.

Lady D. I wish you could learn him to follow my example, and be a little genteel:—but there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, they say.

Pang. Time may do much.—But, as to my lord, every body hasn't your ladyship's exquisite elegance.—"Upon my soul, a lie."—Shakespeare.—Hem! (*aside.*)

Lady D. A mighty pretty spoken man!—And, you are made tutorer, I'm told, Doctor, to my Dicky.

Pang. That honour has accrued to your obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss. I have now the felicity of superintending your ladyship's Dicky.

Lady D. I must not have my son thwarted, doctor;—for, when he has his way in every thing, he's the sweetest temper'd youth in Christendom.

Pang. An extraordinary instance of mildness!

Lady D. Oh! as mild as mother's milk, I assure you.—And what is he to learn, doctor?

Pang. Our readings will be various.—Logick, Ethicks, and Mathematicks; History, Foreign and Domestick; Geography, Ancient and Modern; Voyages and Travels; Antiquities, British and Foreign; Natural History; Natural and Moral Philosophy; Classicks; Arts and Sciences: Belles Lettres, and Miscellanies.

Lady D. Bless me!—'tis enough to batter the poor boy's brains to a mummy.

Pang. "A little learning——"

Lady D. Little?—a load!

Pang. "Is a dangerous thing."—Pope.—Hem!

Lady D. And you have left out the main article.

Pang. What may your ladyship mean?

Lady D. Mean!—Why, dancing, to be sure.

Pang. Dancing?—Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher, teach to dance!

Lady D. Between whiles, you might give Dick a lesson or two in the hall:—as my lord's valet plays on the kit, it will be quite handy to have you both in the house, you know.

Pang. This is a damn'd barbarous old woman! (*aside*)—With submission to your ladyship, my business is with the head, and not the heels of my pupil.

Lady D. Fiddle, faddle!—Lady Betty tells me that the heads of young men of fashion, now a-days, are by no means overloaded. They are all left to the barber, and dentist.

Pang. 'Twould be daring to dispute so self-evident an axiom.—But, if your ladyship...

Lady D. Look ye, doctor;—he must learn to

dance and jabber French; and I woudn't give a brass farden for any thing else.—I know what's elegance;—and you'll find the grey mare the better horse, in this house, I promise you.

Pang. Her ladyship, I perceive, is paramount. —"*Dux fœmina facti.*"—Virgil.—Hem! (*aside.*)

Lady D. What's your pay here, Mr. Tutorer?

Pang. Three hundred pounds per annum:—that is—six—no, three—no—aye—no matter:—the rest is between me and Mr. Dowlas. (*aside.*)

Lady D. Do, as I direct you, in private, and, to prevent words, I'll double it.

Pang. Double it!—What, again!—Nine hundred per annum! (*aside.*)—I'll take it.—"Your hand; a covenant."—Shakspeare.—Hem!—Zounds!—I've got beyond the reading, at last!

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life,—" (Lord D. *speaks without.*)

—I hear my lord—

"—*Nine* hundred pounds a year!"

Swift.—Hem!

Enter LORD DUBERLY, *and* DICK DOWLAS.

Lord D. Come along, Dick!—Here he is again, my lady.—Twist, the tailor, happen'd to come in promiscously, as I may say, and—

Pang. Accidentally, my lord, would be better.

Lord D. Aye, accidentally;—with a suit of my Lord Docktail's under his arm;—and, as we was in a bit of a rumpus to rig out Dick, why—

Pang. Dress,—not rig—unless metaphorically.

Lord D. Well—to dress out—why, we—humph! Doctor, don't bother.—In short, we pop'd Dick into 'em; and, Twist says, they hit to a hair.

Dick. Yes, they are quite the dandy:—aren't they, mother?—This is all the go, they say;—cut straight, that's the thing:—square waist—wrap over

the knee—and all that.—Slouch is the word, now, you know.

Lady D. Exceeding genteel, I declare! Turn about, Dick;—they don't pinch, do they?

Dick. Oh, no!—just as if I'd been measured.

Lord D. Pinch!—Lord love you, my lady, they sit like a sack.—But, why don't you stand up?—The boy rolls about like a porpus, in a storm.

Dick. That's the fashion, father;—that's modern ease.—Young Vats, the beau brewer, from the Borough, brought it down, last Christmas, to Castleton. A young fellow is nothing, now, without the Bond-street roll, a tooth-pick between his teeth, and his knuckles cram'd into his coat-pocket.—Then, away you go, lounging lazily along—Ah, Tom!—What, Will!—rolling away, you see!—How are you, Jack?—What, my little Dolly!———That's the way, isn't it, mother?

Lady D. The very air and grace of our young nobility!

Lord D. Is it?—Grace must have got plaguy limber, and lopt, of late.—There's the last Lord Duberly's father, done in our dining-room, with a wig as wide as a wash-tub, and stuck up as stiff as a poker. He was one of your tip-tops, too, in his time, they tell me;—he carried a gold stick before George the First.

Lady D. Yes; and looks, for all the world, as straight as if he had swallow'd it.

Lord D. No matter for that, my lady. What signifies dignity without its crackeristick. A man should know how to bemean himself, when he is as rich as Pluto.

Pang. Plutus, if you please, my lord.—Pluto, no doubt, has disciples, and followers of fashion; but Plutus is the ruler of riches:—"Δημήτηρ μεν Πλῶτον ἐγείναλο."—Hesiod.—Hem!

Lord D. There, Dick!—d'ye hear how the

tutorer talks?—Od rabbit it!—he can ladle you out Latin by the quart; and grunts Greek like a pig. —I've gin him three hundred a year, and settled all he's to larn you.—Ha'n't I, doctor?

Pang. Certainly, my lord.—"Thrice to thine—"

Dick. Yes, we know all about that. Don't we, doctor?

Pang. Decidedly,—" and thrice to thine—"

Lady D. Aye, aye;—clearly understood. Isn't it, doctor?

Pang. Undoubtedly.—" And thrice again to make up *nine.*"—Shakespeare.—Hem! (*these three quotations aside.*)

Enter JOHN.

John. A card, my lord. The gentleman waits in the eating-room, and wishes to see your lordship, on particular business. (*gives a card.*)

Lord D. Muster Stedfast! Never heard of the name.—Curse me, my lad, tell him I'll be with him in the twinkling of a bed-post. [*Exit* John.

Lady D. I shall go with your lordship through the gallery; for I must dress, to attend Lady Betty.

Lord D. Come along, then, my lady.—Dick, go with the tutorer; he'll give you a lesson in my library. Plenty of larning there, I promise you. I was looking at it, all of a row, this here very morning. There's all Horace's Operas, doctor,—and such a sight of French books!—but, I see, by the backs, they are all written by Tom.—Come along, my lady! [*Exeunt* Lord *and* Lady Duberly.

Pang. On what subject, Mr. Dowlas, shall we commence our researches, this evening?

Dick. Tell 'em to light up the billiard-room.—We'll knock about the balls a little.

Pang. Knock about the balls!—An admirable entrance upon a course of studies!

Dick. Do you know any thing of the game?

Pang. I know how to pocket, young gentleman.

Dick. So do most tutors, doctor.

Pang. If I could but persuade you to peep into a classick,—

Dick. Peep!—Why, you prig of a fellow, don't I pay you, because I won't peep.—Talk of this again, and I'm off in our contract.

Pang. Are you?—I'm dumb.—"Mammon leads me on."—Milton.—Hem!—I follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Apartment in Lord Duberly's House.

Stedfast *enters.*

Sted. A noble house, faith!—and bespeaks some of that stately dignity in the owner, which my friend, Harry, hinted to me. His lordship, I warrant, is as stiff as buckram; with a pompous display of language, that puzzles a plain man to keep pace with him.

Enter John.

John. My lord's compliments, sir: and he'll be with you in the twinkling of a bed-post. [*Exit.*

Sted. Zounds!—That's the oddest phrase, for a fine-spoken peer, I ever met with. The ignorance of the servant, I suppose. These blockheads never know how to deliver a message.—Oh! here he comes.

Enter Lord Duberly.

Your lordship's most obedient servant. (*bows.*)

Lord D. (*bowing vulgarly.*) Sir, your'e kindly welcome.

Sted. Kindly welcome!—Condescending, at least; but not quite so dignified as I expected. (*aside.*)—I am a rough traveller, my lord, ungifted with your lordship's flow of diction; and, having real business, I trust, that, without further preface, it may plead my apology.

Lord D. Aye, aye, business is business;—and words, you know, butter no parsnips.

Sted. Butter no parsnips!—Why, he's sneering at my plainness:—or, I have mistaken the person—or——I have the honour, I think, of addressing Lord Duberly?

Lord D. To be sure you have, as sure as eggs is eggs.—Come, take a chair, muster.—Mayhap you may choose a morsel of summut?

Sted. Not any thing; I—

Lord D. Don't say no.—A drop of wine, now,—or a sneaker of punch; or—

Sted. Nothing, my lord.—I am thunderstruck! (*aside.*)

Lord D. Well, now then, for this here bit of business.

Sted. I have had some fears, my lord, that I might be too abrupt in the disclosure;—but, since this introduction—

Lord D. Oh, rot it! I was never for no long rigmaroles, not I!—An honest man's meaning needs no flourishes. Honesty is like a good piece of English roast beef, Muster Stedfast; it lacks little garnish; and, the more plainer, the more palatabler.—That's my sentiment.

Sted. I admire your sentiment, my lord;—but, I can't say much for your language. (*aside.*)—I must inform your lordship, that no great length of time has elapsed since I left—do not be agitated—Quebec, in America.

Lord D. A Yankee Doodle, mayhap?

Sted. A Yankee doo—!—I am not an American, my lord. (*rises.*)

Lord D. No offence to you;—but, seeing you have got a tawneyish tinge, (*rises,*) I thought you might be a little outlandish.

Sted. I shall ever be proud, my lord, in being able to say, that I am an Englishman: but I should suppose any person, recently arriving from the country I have named, must sensibly interest your feelings.

Lord D. Interest my...Why, what's he at?—If I seem not to understand, now, I shall make some plaguy hole in my manners, I warrant. (*aside.*)

Sted. I perceive, by your silence, that your lordship is affected.—A person, in your situation, cannot, naturally, be otherwise.

Lord D. Then it's the fashion, I find, for a peer to be in a pucker when any body comes from Quebec, in America. (*aside.*)

Sted. Pray inform me, my lord, have you received any letter from your son, since he wrote to advise you, that he had finish'd the business which induced you to send him from home, and, that he was immediately preparing to meet you in London?

Lord D. Since that?—No, to be sure.—Why, Lord love you, he set out directly a'ter it, on purpose to come.

Sted. And your lordship has heard no news from any of his fellow-passengers?

Lord D. Fellow passengers!—no, not I,—neither inside nor out.

Sted. Inside nor out!—'Tis plain, however, that we are all supposed to have gone to the bottom. (*aside.*)—Know then, my lord,—I was his fellow-passenger.

Lord D. Was you?—You are just come up, then, it seems.

Sted. Come up!—This is an easy way of talking

to a man supposed to be drown'd. (*aside.*)—I am here, you see, my lord; but, Providence be praised, it was never my fate to go down.

Lord D. Well, well, that's no matter of mine. —Your fate may have laid another way, to be sure, as you say.

Sted. Another way!—Zounds! he can't dare to insinuate that I was born to be hang'd. (*aside.*) —He appears the most ignorant, unfeeling.... Hear me, my lord—Has your son ever been dear to you?

Lord D. Plaguy dear, indeed, Muster Stedfast. —Only ax Dr. Pangloss.

Sted. An intimate, I suppose, to whom your lordship has unburthen'd your mind, in private.

Lord D. Yes:—he mends my cakelology every morning:—and is, moreover, a great philosopher.

Sted. On such an occasion, a father might well call in philosophy to his assistance.

Lord D. I hired him o' purpose.

Sted. Hired him!—Hired a philosopher to console him for the death of his son! Delicacy is superfluous here, I see. (*aside.*)—In short, my lord, I come to inform you that your son, lost as he has been to the world, has newly and unexpectedly enter'd into life.

Lord D. Well, and what then?

Sted. What then?—The brutal apathy, in this post of a peer, makes me ready to beat him. (*aside.*) —Why, then, he has this day arrived in town;—here,—in this very metropolis.

Lord D. Why, what signifies a cock and a bull story, about what I know already?

Sted. Know it!—It must then be by inspiration. By what supernatural sign have you discover'd his arrival?

Lord D. What sign?—Why, damme, a Blue Boar.

Sted. My lord! my lord!—Ignorance,—little, indeed, from the account I received, from a blindly affectionate youth, did I expect to find it here;—Ignorance may palliate meanness and buffoonery, and merely meet contempt; but want of feeling excites indignation. You have shock'd me, and I leave you.—From exalted rank, like your's, my lord, men look for exalted virtue; and, when these are coupled, they command respect, and grace each other: but the coronet, which gives and receives splendour, when fix'd on the brow of merit, glitters, on the worthless head, like a mark of disgrace, to render vice, folly, and inhumanity conspicuous.

[*Exit.*

Lord D. That there chap's mad.—He has put me all of a twitter. If my lady had happen'd to be here, I'm sure she'd have perspired with fear.—John!

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord.

Lord D. Has the porter let out that there man?

John. Yes, my lord.

Lord D. Never let him clap his damn'd ugly mug into these here doors again.—He's as mad as any poor soul under a statue of lunacy.—Shut the doors, d'ye hear.—(*Exit* Servant.)—Od rabbit it! if peers are to be frighten'd, in this here fashion, I'd rather serve soap and candles again, in comfort, at Gosport.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—ANOTHER APARTMENT IN LORD DUBERLY'S HOUSE.

Enter DICK DOWLAS, *and* ZEKIEL HOMESPUN.

Dick. Well, but at this unseasonable time, to—

Zek. I cou'dn't help it, Dick.

Dick. 'Tisn't the fashion to pay a visit, at this time in the evening.—Who let you in?

Zek. Why, a fat man, in the hall, that pop'd out of a leather chair, that comes all over his head, like a tub.

Dick. The porter, I suppose.

Zek. Belike it was.—He has tassels a'top of his shoulders; and a sight of binding, that looks like parsley and butter, about his waistcoat.

Dick. But why did you come now?

Zek. Why, I do tell ye, I was uneasy about ye, Dick.—I cou'dn't ha' staid away, if I was to be hang'd for't. You did promise to meet us, this a'ternoon.

Dick. I have been prevented. We young fellows of fashion can't answer for our hours.

Zek. Ah! Dick, London fashions and friendship, I do fear, do seldom long go cheek by jowl.—I ha' just left Cicely at the place.

Dick. Well, and what of her, Zekiel?

Zek. Poor soul! she ha' been sobbing ready to burst her heart.

Dick. Cicely in tears!—for what?

Zek. All along o' you, man. You did promise to come; and she do tell me, she ne'er know'd you break your word till you were made a gentleman. I said all I cou'd think of to comfort her.

Dick. Well, and what did you say?

Zek. Why, I told her that you had always dealt fair and open with her till now;—and, if you could be honest to her when you ware a lawyer, there might be some hope of your being so now, even tho' you be made an Honourable.

Dick. Well, well, I shall see her to-morrow,—and see you, too, Zekiel;—and settle some plan for her, and—

Zek. Plan!—why, the plan be settled already, you do know. She be in place, and—

Dick. Psha!—In place will never do. I have a liking for her, you know; and, when—

Zek. A liking!

Dick. Yes,—that's a love, you know;—and a regard for you, Zekiel;—and.... In short, a girl on whom Lord Duberly's son has fix'd his affections, must not remain in service;—it would disgrace one of *Us.*

Zek. It can't disgrace one of *us*, Dick.—A good girl, who have lost her parents' support, and do get her bread in honest industry, be a pride, instead of a disgrace, to any that loves her, you do know.

Dick. I didn't mean that—I—

Zek. Noa—noa:—bless you, 'tware only your good heart run away wi' you.—You do wish us well, Dick—you do wish to serve us, and overshot yourself a little in what you said, that be all.

Dick. Why, look ye, Zekiel.—You are a well-meaning lad—

Zek. Aye, and so be you, Dick.—I ware getting a bit tiffish wi' you at the Blue Boar. I did think sudden pride were going to turn you topsy-turvey.—I was angry at myself a'terwards;—but, I do beg your pardon—heartily, my good friend,—faith, heartily.

Dick. Nay, hear me;—'tis fit we should under-

stand one another; which we do not seem to do, at present.

Zek. Don't us! Ecod! I should be grieved at that, Dick!

Dick. Listen to me:—My situation, you see, is much alter'd.

Zek. Woundily, indeed!—Here be a house!—and what a brave coat you ha' gotten on, Dick!

Dick. No matter:—but, there are situations in the world, Zekiel, that do not always tally. Chance may remove one man so far from another, in the rank of life, that, though their good will may continue the same, custom requires that they should not live exactly—mind, I say,—not *exactly*,—on the same footing.

Zek. I see what you be a driving at, Dick:—I see it;—I did fear it all along.—Well, well, I—I do know I ben't company for a lord's son;—but, when a lord was once a chandler, I thought, indeed ... no matter.—Bless thee, Dick;—I shall always wish thee well!

Dick. Nay, nay, I don't mean that we should separate. On the contrary, I wish we may be closer in friendship than ever.

Zek. Ah, Dick!—I have loved thee—I'd ha' parted with my last farthing to ... no matter.

Dick. There is no occasion to take it in this manner.—We may both be rich—both happy, Zekiel:—but you know how impossible it is for the son of a peer to marry your sister.

Zek. Ay, ay, I do see it;—it be all over!

Dick. No reason for that on earth;—for, though the world places a distance between Cis and me, as to matrimony,—yet it makes an allowance for every thing else.

Zek. I don't understand ye, Dick.

Dick. Why, my rank not permitting the usual forms between us, which my regard for her happiness makes me wish could take place, all I can, now, do, is to raise her from future fear of poverty;—and we may be man and wife, in every thing, but the ceremony.

Zek. Oh! now I do understand ye.—You be a rascal.—Ods flesh! I shall choak.—A damn'd rascal!—Keep out o' my way, or I may do ye a mischief.

Dick. Nay, but—

Zek. Dick, Dick!—Had a stranger done this, I'd ha' knock'd him down:—but, for a dear friend to turn traitor—(*bursts into tears.*)—Damme, it's too much;—I can't stand it!

Dick. Well, but only hear me—

Zek. I ha' heard too much already.—Rot it! I be ashamed to be such a blubberer;—but the greatest shame do light upon you.

Dick. I begin to feel that it does, Zekiel. (*abash'd.*)

Zek. And well you may.—If it be the part of a lord's son to stab his friend to the heart, by robbing his sister of her honesty, much good may do you, wi' your grandeur.—But let me tell your grandeur this, Mr. Dowlas:—You do know some'at (little enow to be sure) of the law;—and the law of the land do make no difference 'twixt a peer and a ploughman. If you do dare to hurt Cicely, the law shall lay you flat, in the first place, and my ploughman's fist will lay you flat, in the second:—and so, my service to you!

[*Exit.*

Dick. My heart upbraids me. I have wounded, at one blow, an honest man, and an innocent girl, whom reason and inclination tell me to love. Now, am I so mere a beginner, that whether this

is, or is not, fashion, curse me if I know:—but I have been told it is. I must go deeper into its mysteries, or abstain from it altogether:—and, I feel so much pain already, that in this same career, of fashion, where feeling they say is banish'd, I shall make a very awkward figure.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CAROLINE'S LODGINGS.

ZEKIEL, *and* CICELY HOMESPUN, *discover'd, seated.*

(CICELY *crying, and leaning on* ZEKIEL.)

Zek. Do ye, do ye cheer up a bit, sister Cicely! Don't ye take on so;—don't ye, now!

Cicely. O, Zekiel!—for certain my poor heart will break.

Zek. Don't ye say so, Cicely; for that would go nigh to break mine.

Cicely. I never will give ear to a lovyer's vows again, as long as I do breathe.

Zek. Aye, that be what all the girls do say, over and over.

Cicely. A base, perjury man!

Zek. That he be.—He ha' stung me to the quick.—A viper!—And to offer to abuse *you!*——Damn him!—(*rises.*)

Cicely. Oh! don't you say that of him, Zekiel. I can't bear that, though he has been so cruel to me.

Zek. Then pluck up a bit of a spirit, now;—pray you, do. You ha' gotten a good place, you do know; and things will go well enough, I warrant us. How dos't like madam; eh, Cicely?

Cicely. Purely!—she is so tender and kind to me, Zekiel.—Heigho!

Zek. Come, dry your eyes, now, Cicely.—I be main glad to hear madam be so good to you.—What did you do, a'ter I left you, last night.

Cicely. Why, I was but poorly, Zekiel.—I had been crying, you know.

Zek. Yes, yes;—but don't ye cry any more, Cicely.

Cicely. And, when Madam Caroline saw it, she was so kind, and so comfortable to me!

Zek. Was she?—good soul!

Cicely. And she bid me go to rest;—and spoke as sweet, and took as much care of me,—as poor mother used to do!

Zek. Bless her for it!—If I ever be able to make a return, I'll—

Cicely. Dear, I hear her in next room!—She is up; and, if she should catch us here—There now!

Enter CAROLINE.

Car. Cicely, child!—I thought you had not risen.—I didn't wish you to attend, if you were unwell, my poor girl!

Cicely. Thank you, madam.

Zek. Thank you, very kindly, madam!

Car. O! your brother, I see.

Zek. At your humble service, madam.—I made bold to call, to see how sister were; and to make my humble duty to you, madam. Cicely do tell me you ha' been main kind to her.—We be poor, madam, but I do hope you will be pleased to take our thanks, without offence.

Car. Offence! honest friend. To merit and receive the thanks of the poor is one of the heart's best gratifications.

Zek. She be main good-natured, indeed!—I—I had a—a little bit favour to ask, madam.

Car. What is it, friend?

Zek. Why, here be a scrap of paper, here;—it ware poor father's.—If you wou'd be pleased to tell me, if it be worth any thing, now it be so old. (*giving it.*)

Car. It is worth inquiring after.—'Tis an old lottery ticket. (*returning it.*)

Zek. Psha!—then it be of little good.—Father had no luck that way;—but, for all mother could say, he was always a dabbling, and a dabbling.—I'll seek about it at shop, though.—I do wish you a dutiful good morning, madam.

Car. A good day, friend.

Zek. (*apart to* Cicely.) Pluck up a spirit, do ye now, Cicely.—Gi' me a buss.—There, now, let that comfort ye, a bit.—I'll call an bye.—A good day to you, madam. [*Exit.*

Car. You do not look recover'd, yet, Cicely.

Cicely. I shall be better, in time, if you please, madam.

Car. Come, child, you must not give way to low spirits. Your situation is new to you, indeed; but this fickle world is full of changes, Cicely.

Cicely. (*crying.*) Oh dear me!—Sure enough this world is full of fickleness, and change!

Car. Well, but do not cry thus, child.

Cicely. I *must* cry, if you please, madam.—I can't help it;—indeed, I can't.

Car. Poor girl!—Does any thing press heavy on your mind, Cicely?

Cicely. Ye.... yes, madam.

Car. What is it?—Is it in my ability to relieve you?

Cicely. Oh, no, madam.—'Tis quite out of your power to give me what I have lost.

Car. Lost, child!—Have you lost any thing, since you came to London?

Cicely. Yes, madam.
Car. Your clothes?—or a parcel?—or—
Cicely. No, madam.
Car. What then, child?
Cicely. A young man, madam.
Car. Lost a young man, Cicely!
Cicely. He was once the truest-hearted youth!—Lawyer Latitat's clerk, of our town, if you please, madam.—We were to be married,—brother was agreeable to it,—and now he has basely left me:—and all because he has grown rich, and great.
Car. What, since last night?—that is somewhat sudden, indeed!
Cicely. Aye, I should as soon have look'd to be queen, as to think my Dick would be made a lord's son.
Car. Made a lord's son!—How, Cicely?
Cicely. I don't know how they make lords' sons, madam;—but his father has had good fortune, by a death; and so Dick is, now, son to Lord Duberly.
Car. Lord Duberly!—Good Heaven!—how that name agitates me!—The—the present Lord Duberly, you mean, Cicely?
Cicely. Yes, if you please, madam. The last lord—Zekiel heard it all from the porter—the last lord's son was drown'd at sea, they say.—Perhaps you may have heard on't, madam.
Car. I have—I have, indeed, Cicely! (*agitated.*)
Cicely. Oh, dear!—aren't you well, madam?
Car. Yes—I—I—'tis nothing, Cicely.—And so your lover, my poor wench, has deserted you?
Cicely. Oh! worse than that, madam.—Brother is almost out of his wits about it:—for he said—a base, cruel man!—he would make my fortune, by ruinating me.
Car. Poor simplicity!—Dry your tears, my

good girl;—and rather rejoice, that you have escaped the snares of a profligate.—You shall not want protection, while I can give it you.

Cicely. Heaven bless you!—You are very, very kind, madam.

Enter KENRICK. (*hastily.*)

Ken. Och, Miss Caroline!

Car. Well, Kenrick!

Ken. Och, why didn't I die before I was born to see this ill-looking day!

Car. Why, what's the matter?

Ken. The matter!—And haven't I trotted into Lombard-street, to get your draught turn'd into money?

Car. To be sure;—for there lies the little which I, now, possess, Kenrick.

Ken. Faith, and it lies there, like my ould uncle, Dennis, in Carrickfergus church-yard; for we shall never see it again, as long as we live.

Car. Good Heaven!—you alarm me!—Surely the house has not fail'd?

Ken. No, faith!—the house stands plump and upright, just where it did; but the ould thief of a banker hasn't a thirteen left, to cross his rogue's hand with.

Car. Broke!

Ken. By my soul, all to shivers; and so bad, they say, that all the devils can't mend him.

Car. Then, indeed, I am completely ruin'd!

Cicely. (*running up to her.*) No, don't you say so, madam!—(Caroline *sinks on a chair.*)

Ken. Don't grieve, my sweet Miss Caroline, don't grieve!—Och, the devil! my ould heart is as full as a basket of eggs.—Pray, now, keep a good spirit; for you have lost every farthing you have in the world.

Cicely. Oh, the gracious!—is that it?—pray, if you please, madam, don't take on so, then, for I have money.

Ken. What, have you money?

Cicely. Aye, that I have:—and, while I have ten good pounds, that poor mother left me, in my box, and a silver watch, it shall never be said, that I kept it from one, in distress, who has been so kind to me.

Ken. Bless your pretty little soul!—What a pity it is now, that a generous heart hasn't always a heavy purse, to keep it company.

Car. My poor girl!—your grateful attachment touches me.—I must retire, and think of... Do not follow me, Cicely.—I must consult on measures to ... Oh, Providence! for what misery am I ordain'd! [*Exit.*

Ken. Oh, oh, oh!

Cicely. Dear, I hope I haven't given madam offence, by what I said.

Ken. No, my sweet one!—you're a little cherubim, in a mob cap.—What will I do now?—Faith, I hav'n't a brother, nor a nephew, nor a cousin-german, nor a father, nor any little bit of a kinsman left, to assist in this botheration.—Come, little one!—There's my watch, and my buckles, and my... By my soul, I'd pledge *myself*, if the pawn-broker would lend me any thing upon me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—THE HOTEL.

Enter HENRY MORLAND, *and* STEDFAST.

Sted. Be more yourself, Henry.—Firmness, in the moment of disappointment—

Henry. Disappointment!—'Tis torture;—it racks me.—Caroline fled, no one knows whither;—unpro-

tected!—perhaps, exposed to want, too!—to biteing penury!—The account, though confused, which I gather'd, last night, from the unfeeling wretch in possession of the late Mr. Dormer's house....Why not have gone to my father's?—Caroline might, there, have relied on an asylum.

Sted. Umph!—perhaps not.

Henry. Oh, Stedfast! how little you know of my worthy father's heart!

Sted. Yet, I have had a specimen.

Henry. Why did you prevent me from going to him, last night?

Sted. After the ill news you had just received, at the late Mr. Dormer's, your mind was too much agitated for such an encounter.

Henry. Well, well,—you see I follow'd your commands. You rule me as a child, Stedfast. —I went to bed—but, not to rest!—Why wouldn't you, then, explain any thing?

Sted. You were unfit to hear any thing:—you were almost distracted.—'Twas sufficient, that I sent word to Lord Duberly, that you wou'd pay your duty to him to-day, after breakfast.

Henry. Well, but, you saw my father?

Sted. I did.

Henry. And he received you with that complacency so friendly a messenger deserved.

Sted. Why, to say the truth, I found none of that stately dignity about him which you led me to expect.

Henry. To you, of course, when you explain'd the purpose of your visit, he would throw that aside. The tenderness of the father soften'd the austerity of his habit; and his language came warm from the heart.

Sted. Upon my soul, 'twould puzzle me to tell where his language came from:—but, to do him justice, (notwithstanding his harangues in the House

of Peers, which you talk'd of,) his language was as little parliamentary, as any language I ever heard in my life.

Henry. Oh, your's was no meeting of formality! —Business, like your's, call'd for no pomp of words, on either side.

Sted. Words!—no;—so his lordship seem'd to think, when he told me they butter'd no parsnips.

Henry. My father!—you jest, sure.

Sted. Indeed, I do not:—and, I am afraid, my dear, young friend, your ardent feelings have painted the parental affection of Lord Duberly in warmer colours than it merits.

Henry. Good heaven!—What do you mean?

Sted. To be plain,—he received the account of his lost son's arrival, with more than coldness.

Henry. Oh! you mistook my dear father's manner.

Sted. Nothing could be less equivocal. He treated me with.... but that doesn't signify. When I introduced myself, by informing him that I came from Quebec—

Henry. Aye, that must have excited his attention—He made a thousand inquiries?

Sted. No faith, only one.

Henry. What was that?

Sted. Pshaw!—trivial—mere ribaldry.—Damn it, I'm asham'd, for his sake, and your's, to mention it.

Henry. Nay, nay,—I entreat you, tell me.

Sted. Why, he ask'd if—pshaw!—if I was a Yankee Doodle, if you must have it.

Henry. You astonish me!

Sted. Not more than I was astonish'd.—In short, instead of finding the fond, anxious, agitated father, I met a man, reckless of his child's fate;

and treating the friend, who brought the news of a son's preservation, with levity and insult.

Henry. Impossible!—'Tis not in his nature.

Sted. Nay, even with buffoonery.

Henry. Take, care, Stedfast!—you may have misconceived;—but I must not have my father's character made an ill timed sport.

Sted. Nay, 'tis sportive enough in itself, for that matter.

Henry. Sportive!

Sted. Yes,—beyond comprehension. He deals in witchcraft, it seems;—for, he was even jocular enough to tell me, that he had a familiar, in the shape of a Blue Boar, who had given him intelligence of your arrival.—I confess, I was shock'd.

Henry. As I am, Mr. Stedfast; shock'd at your attempt, in a moment like this, to trifle with the feelings of a friend, and endeavour to sully a venerable character, too well establish'd to be tainted by the breath of misrepresentation.

Sted. Why,—zounds!—I tell you that Lord Duberly—

Henry. Lord Duberly, sir, is as incapable of the conduct and language you have described, as I am incapable of hearing you, without resentment.

Sted. Resentment!—You are warm, Mr. Morland.

Henry. I have reason, sir.—Look at the man;—look at Lord Duberly;—his very countenance contradicts the assertion.

Sted. Why, I don't know. I believe, since you said it, that gentleman was, once, written legibly on his brow; but, damme, if time hasn't scratch'd out the writing, as thoroughly as ever writing was scratch'd out in the world.

Henry. This conduct of your's shall not go unpunish'd, Mr. Stedfast.

Sted. Unpunish'd, young man!

Henry. No, by Heaven!—Such a gross aspersion of my good, and worthy father, shall be answer'd with the life of that man—

Sted. Who lately saved your's, Henry!

Henry. Mr. Stedfast, I—I—

Sted. Young man, 'tis well for us that winters enough have pass'd over my head to make my blood flow in a temperate current. Did it run riot, like your's, we might now be cutting one another's throats.—Would it please you, think you, to have done me that office?

Henry. Please me!—it makes me shudder.

Sted. Yet, this, now, is what the world calls satisfaction.—I trust, I am as little daunted with big words, and a stern look, as most men; but the truest courage, Henry, is founded on reason;—and, were the head oftener permitted to check the passions of the heart, there would be less fatal encounters, on foolish causes, and the peace of many a parent, wife, and child, might remain unbroken.

Henry. Oh, Stedfast!—the man who reasons thus, could, surely, never mean to sport with my anxieties.—There must be some mistake.—Pray pardon me,—and accompany me to my father's.—Assist me in unravelling this mystery, which confounds me.—Can you forgive my heat?

Sted. From the very bottom of my heart, Henry: for, however rash in itself, the impulse was filial piety; and that, with me, will amply excuse it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Street.

Enter Dick Dowlas, *and* Dr. Pangloss.

Dick. It don't signify, doctor; I can't rest till I have seen Cicely.

Pang. What's a tutor's power over a pupil in love?—Annihilated.—True, though trite, that, "*Omnia vincit amor.*"—Ovid.—Hem!—Is she pretty?

Dick. What's that to you?

Pang. Nothing. I'm dead to the fascinations of beauty; since that unguarded day of dalliance, when, being full of Bacchus,—"*Bacchi plenus,*"—Horace—Hem!—my pocket was pick'd of a metal watch, at the sign of the Sceptre, in Shoe-lane.

Dick. This is the house:—I've told you my story:—and, as you value my three hundred a year, doctor, be ready to assist me, either by message, letter, or.... But, what a damn'd gig you look like.

Pang. A *gig*!—Umph;—that's an Eton phrase:—the Westminsters call it, *quiz.*

Dick. And you are the greatest, sure, that ever was dispatch'd, on Love's embassies, from the court of Cupid.

Pang. I'm not proud of the post. Take my counsel, and drop the pursuit. "Refrain, desist,—*Desine.*"—Terence.—Hem!

Dick. Why, look ye, doctor:—I've done an injury to two worthy souls, and I can't rest till I've made reparation.—We are all of us wrong at times, doctor;—but, a man doubles his ill-conduct, when he is too proud to make an apology for it.

Pang. Yet, confessing our faults, Mr. Dowlas—

Dick. Is only saying, in other words, doctor, "that we are wiser to day than we were yesterday."—

Pang. Swift.—Hem! Plenty of precedents, however, for your conduct.—"At lovers' perjuries, they say—"

Dick. Well, what do they say?

Pang. "They say Jove laughs."—Shakspeare.—Hem!—Phaon left Sappho; Theseus, Ariadne; Demophoon, Phyllis; Æneas, Dido;—

Dick. Oh, damn Dido!

Pang. Damn Dido?—Well, damn Dido!—with all my heart.—She was the daughter to King Belus, of Tyre; but as very a virago—

Dick. Well, we need not go so far for examples.—Now, knock, at that door.

Pang. Double?

Dick. Zounds! no; you'll spoil all. A sneaking, single tap, like a dun, doctor.

Pang. Like a dun?—I know the knock well, Mr. Dowlas.

Dick. And, when 'tis given, get out of the way for a while.

Pang. My constant custom, on such an occasion. (*knocks at the door.*)—There's the thorough thump of a creditor. "I never heard it but I ran away upon instinct."—Shakspeare.—Hem! [*Exit.*

Enter CICELY *at the door.*—DICK *is with his back towards her.*

Cicely. Dear! sure somebody knock'd. I see nobody but that gentleman, neither. It could not be he;—for, if footmen thump so loud, for certain your gentlefolks must always beat the door down. Was it you that knock'd, pray, sir?—(Dick *turns round, and* Cicely *screams.*)—Don't come near me!

Dick. My dear Cicely, I—

Cicely. Oh, Dick! Dick!—(*cries, and falls in his arms.*)

Dick. I cannot bear this.—Your tears go to my very soul, Cicely.

Cicely. 'Tis you have been the cause of them. You have, almost, cut my poor heart in two.

Dick. My own suffers for it, sufficiently, believe me.

Cicely. How could you be so barbarous to me? But, indeed, indeed, I forgive you.—Your cruelty will cost me many a tear;—but this is the last time I shall ever upbraid you.

Dick. Oh! I deserve all your reproaches.

Cicely. If I had come to fortune, and you had been poor, Dick, I would have flown to you, and cheer'd you in your poverty;—I would have pour'd my gold at your feet;—I would have shared all my joys with you, and told you, that riches could never change my heart.

Dick And I come, now, to share all mine with you, Cicely.

Cicely. Oh, no, Dick!—My lot is very humble, but I scorn the gold that would buy my honesty. We must never meet any more:—but, indeed, indeed, I do truly wish you may be prosperous, though you sought my ruin.—Bless you, Dick!—and, if ever poor Cicely comes into your mind, think, that she prays to Heaven to forgive you, for trying to harm her innocence, whose greatest blessing would have been to make you happy. (*going.*)

Dick. Stay—stay, and hear me, I entreat you! I come to sue for pardon;—I come in repentance, Cicely.

Cicely. And *do* you repent?

Dick. I do, most earnestly.

Cicely. That is some comfort to me;—for your own heart will be easier.—And I shall bear my hard lot better, now;—for I know your great friends will never let you stoop to one in my station.—Ah, times are much changed with us, Dick!

Dick. However changed, they shall not, now, alter my purpose, Cicely. I have been dazzled, and I have wounded you.—I have cover'd myself, too, with shame and confusion;—but, if they can make atonement, my fortunes, my heart, and my hand, are all at your service.

Cicely. Your hand?—I—I shall be able to speak more soon.—Oh, Dick!

Dick. My dear, dear Cicely! I rose strangely to rank, and I shall, now, perhaps, in the eyes of the great world, strangely support it;—for, I am afraid, Cis, that half your young fellows of fashion would rather seem wicked than ridiculous; but, I shall never, for the future, think, that marrying a worthy woman, whom chance has placed beneath us in life, can be any disgrace, while seducing her is reckon'd, among profligate fops, a matter of triumph. Dry your tears, Cicely!

Cicely. These are not like the tears I shed awhile ago.—They are tears of joy, Dick!—(*bell rings.*) Hark! I am call'd.

Dick. One moment!—Tell me you forgive me.

Cicely. Forgive you!—Oh, Dick! you have made me happy.—How this will comfort my poor Zekiel!

Dick. I shall be ashamed to meet him again, Cicely.

Cicely. Oh! I will tell him all;—and—(*bell rings again*)—Hark! I am call'd again.

Dick. Adieu!—I will see you very, very soon. —Farewell.

Cicely. Good bye, and—

Dick. One kiss, and—Good bye! (*Exit* Cicely.)—That one kiss of lovely virtue is worth a million times more than all the blandishments that wealth and luxury can purchase.—Where the devil,

now, is the doctor? I am brimful of joy, and I have nobody to communicate my—

Re-enter PANGLOSS.

Oh! you are return'd.—Embrace me, doctor!

Pang. Embrace you!

Dick. Open wide thy arms, in friendly congratulation, and embrace, you prig of a tutor, the happiest fellow in Christendom! (*they embrace.*)

Pang. Bless me!—Why, we're in the middle of the street.—Decorum, Mr. Dowlas, . . .

Dick. Damn decorum!—I'm out of my senses.

Pang. Heaven forbid!—for, it would be as clear a nine hundred pounds a year out of my pocket, as ever man lost in his life. (*aside*)—What's the news?

Dick. The news?—Why, that I'm going to be married.

Pang. Married!—Mercy on me!—Then he is mad, indeed.—"*Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile.*"—Horace.—Hem!—Consider the—

Dick. Psha!—I have no time to.... Come, —come with me to my father's, I'll explain all to him, and—

Pang. Only reflect on—

Dick. Reflect!—Look ye, you grave mustard-pot of a philosopher!—You shall dance a jig down the street with me, to shew your sympathy in my happiness.

Pang. A doctor of laws dance a jig, in the open street, at noon day!

Nick. Foot it.—"Over the hills and far away." (*singing.*)

Pang. I wish I were far away, with all my heart.

Dick. Dance—dance! or, damn me, I cut off your three hundred a year in a twinkling.

Pang. Will you?—Oh then—"A flourish of trumpets."—Shakspeare.—Hem!—"Over the hills and far away!"

[*Exeunt, hand in hand, dancing and singing.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A STREET.

Enter KENRICK.

Ken. To be sure, misfortune isn't a neat touch-stone, to try friendship upon! Faith, now, all my loving friends deserve a decent kicking; and, by my soul, I believe they expected it from my hands; for, I no sooner said the word *lend*, but they all turn'd their backs to me. Och, my poor Miss Caroline! what will I do, now you're aground, to keep your pretty little chin above water!—If we could have kept the brave Mr. Henry Morland's chin above water, now!—but he's gone;—he's gone;—and twenty Humane Societies couldn't bring him back. How my poor ould bones ache!—and sure the biggest bone about me is in my heart, for that aches more than all the other half of my body.—I'll make bold just to rest me a bit at this door.—Don't be frighten'd, good gentleman within, for I an't coming to borrow of you. (*sitting down on the steps at a door.*)—Faith, this step is like my dear friends' hearts; for, by St. Patrick, 'tis as cold, and as hard, as a hail-stone.

Enter HENRY MORLAND, *and* STEDFAST.

Sted. Nay, nay, be patient, Henry!

Henry. My dear friend, 'tis impossible!—The blow is too great.—So good, so kind a father, lost!

—and his death so strangely explain'd to me!—Indeed, indeed, Stedfast, my spirit is now almost broken.

Ken. I can't see their faces, now; but, sure, these two must be a rich man, that won't lend, and a borrower; for, one is trotting about in great distress, and t'other stands as cool as a cucumber.

Sted. Come, come, Henry;—the encounter has been a strange one, 'tis true; and the shock sudden. When you enter'd a father's house, and prepared to leap into a father's arms, to meet that low wretch, who has caused all our mistakes, was, indeed—

Henry. Oh, it distracts me!—So many things are floating in my disorder'd mind, I—

Sted. But, 'tis necessary you should be collected, now;—absolutely necessary. You must do speedy justice to yourself:—to the memory of your departed father.—How came you not to discover yourself to that lump of ignorance, who has jump'd into your inheritance?

Henry. I was stagger'd.—I heard enough from him to unravel all; and, 'tis well, perhaps, we withdrew so abruptly. I might have done something rash, at the moment.—Oh, Stedfast, I shall sink under it!

Sted. For shame, Henry!—Fy on this weakness!—Sink under it!—Decent sorrow for a near loss is amiable;—and modest Nature never looks more lovely than when the filial tear steals gently on the tomb of a parent:—but, desperate grief outrages manhood, and religion;—for, in the trials which we are all born to undergo, Henry, the man, and the Christian, forgets his duty to Providence, and to himself, when he loses his resignation, and his fortitude.

Henry. You are an able and a kind counsellor, my friend!—I will endeavour to be more firm.

Sted. Come, let us get back to our hotel.—You may, there, compose yourself.

Ken. (*gets up.*) So, having taken a rest, I'll go home, with my bad news, to console poor Miss Caroline. (*coming forward.*)

Henry. I cannot be mistaken in that face.—Kenrick!

Ken. Eh?—Why sure it can't be!—Sure, my old eyes are so bad, that I see what's invisible!

Henry. It is he!—(*running to him.*)—Oh, Kenrick, my good old man!—tell me,—where, where is my Caroline?

Ken. Och, faith, 'tis himself!—'tis himself!—'tis himself!—safe, sound, and dry, without a wet rag about him!

Henry. But, inform me, my honest Kenrick, of—

Ken. Hubbaboo! hubbaboo! hubbaboo!—Och, I'll go wild!—I'll go mad!—Don't spake to me yet, my dear, sweet, Mr. Henry!—Och, good luck to the day when your honour walk'd ashore, after you were drown'd!

Henry. But tell me, Kenrick, of—

Ken. Yes, I'll tell you—I'll tell you of... Och! upon my soul, you must wait a bit.—I believe I've been drown'd myself, for the salt-water runs out of my eyes by pails-full.

Sted. Poor fellow!—An old servant of Mr. Dormer's, I perceive.

Henry. Well, now, speak, speak, Kenrick. Only tell me,—is Caroline safe?

Ken. Indeed, now, and she is.

Henry. Thank Heaven!—and, in London?

Ken. Yes, in this wide dirty town; and, big as it is, there isn't a thirteen to be had, for love nor money, to help her out of her distress.

Henry. Her distress?—but, I fear'd it. Let

me fly to her, and.... You are, surely, with her, still, Kenrick?

Ken. With her!—And is it yourself, Mr. Henry, that can ask Kenrick that question?—Could I leave my sweet, young mistress?—or, would I leave any friends, in their need, that supported me in their prosperity?—Och, the devil fly away with him that would, I say!

Sted. Honest fellow!

Henry. Pardon me, my good Kenrick; I know not what I say. Conduct me to her; and you shall explain all, by the way.

Ken. Conduct you!—Faith, old as I am, I'll go hopping over all the kennels home, with you, as nimble as a jackdaw.

Henry. Come then, Stedfast!

Sted. Come, Henry; I'll see you to the door of Miss Dormer, and then I'll leave you:—and, on this occasion, my dear friend, let me heartily congratulate you. Such an event as this comes most opportunely; and it may prove to you, Henry, that, in this chequer'd life of joy and sorrow, Providence has ever some balm in store, to pour into the wounds which it inflicts; and that the worst of griefs may be assuaged, by the pitying Power who chastens us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—AN APARTMENT IN LORD DUBERLY'S HOUSE.

Enter LORD *and* LADY DUBERLY.

Lord D. But listen, my lady, to reason.

Lady D. Then I mustn't listen to *you*, my lord.

Lord D. Um!—Why, I've been almost scared out of my seven senses. The old mad man, who was

here, last night, rush'd in, with another young one with him, this morning. I can't make head nor tail of what he wants, for my part.—But, as to Dick, my lady, he'll certainly break his heart, if he doesn't marry this here wench.

Lady D. I wonder, my lord, you can think of such a thing!—A peer's son marry a maid-servant!

Lord D. Od rabbit it! my lady, now don't be so obstropulous. You know, when his father married you, you was but a clear-starcher.

Lady D. That's quite another sort of an affair;—and you might have more manners than to mention it now.—But, as to learning you elegance,—ah!—we may lead the horse to the water, my lord, but there's no making him drink.

Lord D. Nay, I'm sure, my lady, I didn't mean no disparagement to you;—for you was counted, on all hands, the best getter-up of small linen in our town.—Here's the doctor. Let's ax his advice, in this here business.

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS.

Pray now, doctor.... You must know we're in a bit of a quandary, doctor.

Pang. Your lordship had better be in an *uncertainty.*

Lord D. Why, lord love you, so I am, mun.—Pray, didn't you never hear of no great man as was married to a farmer's daughter?

Pang. Walter; a Marquis of Lombardy.

Lord D. There, my lady!—The Marquis of Lombardy!—That's the place where all the poplars come from. He's a tip-top, I war'n't him. Mayhap you may have lit on him, in your visits, my lady?

Lady D. Frequently.

Pang. "'Tis false."—Rowe.—Hem! (*aside.*)

Lady D. But you have heard nothing yet of the high *tone*, my lord.

Lord D. High tone!—Rot it, I hear nothing else, but the high tone, when you're in the house, my lady.—And who did he marry, doctor?

Pang. Grizzle; a perfect pattern of patience;—daughter to his tenant, Jacolina; and—"This markis hath here spoused with a ring."—Chaucer.—Hem!

Lord D. There, my lady!—What do you think of that?—Damn it, if the marquis smoused Grizzle, Dick may marry the maid-servant.

Pang. My pupil!—Zounds, my salary!—"*Tremor occupat artus.*"—Virgil.—Hem!—My income totters! (*aside.*)

Lord D. And, in that there case, doctor, your three hundred a year must go to the mending of *my* cakelology.

Pang. Yes, but I shall lose... No, nothing:—a *lapsus linguæ.*—One annuity gone with my pupil!—Then, I've only clear, for life, "*six* hundred..."

Lady D. Doctor—

Pang. "Pounds a year."—Swift.—Hem!—Madam?

Lady D. (*apart to* Pangloss.) You know, doctor, my three hundred stops the moment my son marries.

Pang. What, stop your three!—"Thrice the brinded cat has mew'd."—Shakspeare.—Hem!—Here he comes.

Enter DICK DOWLAS.

Dick. Well, father, has my mother made up her mind?

Lord D. Why, I can't tell, Dick. My lady seems betwixt and betweenish, as a body may say. But, it all depends upon her vardick.—(Dick *takes his mother apart.*)

Pang. Does it!—Oh, Jupiter, if ever contradiction crept into the bosom of beauteous woman, —"*Mulier formosa*"—Horace.—Hem!—stuff a double dose into that terrible old woman, and save the fortunes of Peter Pangloss!

Lady D. Well, but she is only a farmer's daughter, they say.—And what's a farmer, my dear?

Dick. Why, an English farmer, mother, is one who supports his family, and serves his country, by his own industry.—In this land of commerce, mother, such a character will be always respectable.

Lord D. That's right, Dick.—Father's own son, to a hair.—When I kep my shop at Gosport, I—

Lady D. Hush, my lord!—Well, you—you were always my darling, you know, Dick; and I can't find in my heart to give you a denial.

Pang. Can't you!—I wish you could find it in your tongue.—Six hundred a year blown away by the breath of that sybil. (*aside.*)

Dick. That's my good mother! you've made me so happy!—I—zounds, I shall run mad!

Pang. Zounds! and so shall I.

Dick. A thousand thanks, my dear mother!—and my dear father, too!—I'll get as drunk, to-night, as.... Wish me joy, doctor; wish me joy;—wish me joy a hundred times!

Pang. A hundred times!—I feel, Mr. Dowlas, on this occasion, *six* hundred times more than I know how to express.

Dick. And, if you would but indulge me, now, in letting me conduct you to Cicely—

Lord D. Od rot it, my lady! let's humour Dick for once.—The young ones loves to be cooing and building, you know.

Lady D. Why, the coach, I believe, is at the door, my lord.

Lord D. Is it?—Sbobs! then, my lady, let's bundle.—Dick!—Come, doctor.—Now, you mustn't make me ride backwards, my lady; for, you know, I ha'n't been used to a coach, and I shall, certainly, be qualmish if you do.—Come, my lady.

[*Exeunt* Lord *and* Lady Duberly.

Dick. Come, doctor, we lose time.

Pang. Time? lose!—I've lost as pretty a pair of snug annuities, as.... Let me see,—take six from nine—

Dick. Why, doctor?

Pang. "And three remain."—Cocker.—Hem!

Dick. Come, come—'tis late.

Pang. Only three.

Dick. Only three! Why, 'tis only twelve, man.—But, come; if you don't attend to my father better, I can tell you he'll kick you and your three hundred a year to the devil.

Pang. Will he? "O, for a horse with wings!"—Shakspeare.—Hem!—I fly, Mr. Dowlas.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—CAROLINE'S LODGINGS.

CAROLINE *and* CICELY.

Cicely. Indeed, I truly hope you are better, madam.

Car. I have little reason to be so, Cicely.

Cicely. Oh, but I hope you have!—And, if the worst comes to the worst.... But, I am almost ashamed to tell you, madam.

Car. Innocence, like yours, my good girl, can know nothing it should fear to reveal.

Cicely. Why, I needn't be much afraid, neither; for 'tis what a power of folks, both rich and poor, do all come to, at last.

Car. What is that, Cicely?

Cicely. Wedlock, madam.

Car. Indeed!—This is unexpected, after what you told me this morning.

Cicely. Aye, but you know, madam, as to wedlock, and all that, many things fall out between the cup and the lip, as they say.

Car. (*sighing.*) 'Tis too true, indeed, Cicely!

Cicely. And, so, my Dick came to our door, madam;—'tis but a little while agone;—and his dear eyes were as full of tears!—and, you know, that was a pity, madam; for his eyes are so fine, and so blue, 'tis a shame any thing should spoil 'em.

Car. Well, Cicely?

Cicely. And, so, we soon brought matters to bear, madam.

Car. How, Cicely?

Cicely. Why, he look'd so sorry, that it made my heart bleed to see him:—and, when I love him so dearly, it would be cruel not to marry him, when he ask'd me.—Don't you think so, madam?

Car. May you be very, very happy, Cicely! 'Tis an ease to my mind, in the midst of my misfortunes, to know that you will be provided for. I was on the point of telling you, Cicely, that my reduced circumstances would not permit me to keep you with me any longer.

Cicely. Oh, dear!—And was you going to be so unkind to me, madam?

Car. Unkind to you, my good girl!—Oh, no! It would have touch'd me, sensibly, to have sent forth simplicity, like yours, unprotected.—But,

hard necessity !—I rejoice, my good Cicely, rejoice sincerely, in your good fortunes.

Cicely. Ah, madam! I should rejoice more at my good fortune, if you would but let me do what I have been thinking on.

Car. What is that, Cicely?

Cicely. I hope you won't be angry at what I'm going to say, madam.

Car. Oh, impossible !—Speak freely.

Cicely. Why, you know, madam, Dick's a lord's son; and, when I'm his wife, I may do just what I please;—for rich folks' wives, I have heard say, do just what they please, in London.—Now, if you would but be so good, when I'm married, as to let me serve you for nothing!

Car. No more,—no more, Cicely !—I—

Cicely. And, when my husband gives me any money, if you would but be so kind, as to borrow it of me, I should be very much obliged to you, indeed, madam!

Car. Oh !—You have overpower'd me! *(falls on* Cicely's *neck.)*—Oh, Heaven !—how pure are all thy creatures, endow'd with reason, 'till worldly habits corrupt them !

ZEKIEL *(without).*

Zek. Tol, lol de rol lol !

Car. What is that?

Cicely. 'Twas brother Zekiel's voice.—Sure, he can't think to make such a noise here !

Enter ZEKIEL *(capering and singing.)*

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol ! Tol, lol de rol, lol !

Cicely. Why, Zekiel !—Why, you must be crazy, sure!

Zek. Zooks, and so I be, sister!—Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Cicely. Think where you are, brother. There's madam!

Zek. Rabbit it, madam, I do humbly crave pardon;—but I be in such a flustration!—I ha' got —Tol, lol de rol, lol!—I ha' got twenty thousand pounds!

Cicely. My gracious!—Twenty thousand pounds!

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Cicely. But, stand still, now, brother Zekiel. Where did you get such a sight of money?

Zek. I' the lottery, lass!—i' the lottery.—Let me take a bit of breath.—I do crave pardon, madam!—father's ticket—let me take a bit of—have come a prize of—a bit of breath—of... Dear, dear! Heaven send this luck do not set my simple brain a madding!

Car. Compose yourself, honest friend.

Zek. I do humbly thank you, madam.—I ha' run all the way from lottery office, and—

Cicely. Well, and what will you do with all this money, Zekiel?

Zek. What will I do wi' it, sister Cicely?—Why, what *should* a man do wi' his riches?—I will first provide for such as I do love; and, then, lend a helping hand to them as be poor about me.

Cicely. Dear brother, that's just the thing. Come here, Zekiel.—Poor madam has fallen into great trouble.

Zek. Has she!—How?

Cicely. Why, all her friends are dead, it seems;—

Zek. Poor soul!

Cicely. And her banker stole all the money she had, this very morning; and—

Zek. Don't ye say any more, sister Cicely.—

Hum!—Madam, I—I be main glad to hear you be tumbled into misfortunes, madam.

Car. Glad, friend!

Zek. Main glad, indeed!—because you ha' been so kind to sister; and I be able now to return you the favour.

Car. Oh! no more of that, Zekiel:—you distress me.

Zek. With submission, madam, I do want to take away your distress. Here, madam, (*pulling out notes,*)—here be a hundred—and there be a five hundred—and here be a... Rabbit it, my hand do shake too much to stand a counting. I will spread 'em all upon table, here. Take what you do want, and welcome; and thank you too, madam. (*spreading all on the table, in a great flurry.*)

Car. I cannot—I cannot think, friend, of—

Zek. and *Cicely.* Pray ye do, now, madam!—Pray ye do! (*bowing and curtseying.*)

Enter LORD *and* LADY DUBERLY.

Car. Bless me!—Who's this?

Lord D. Beg pardon, ma'am; but the landlady bid us bundle up.

Car. Your commands with me, sir?

Lord D. Why, the whole preamble of this here affair is, that my lady and I...Speak to the gentlewoman, my lady.

Lady D. Ah! you have a head, and so has a pin!—We made bold to pay our respects, madam, having a little business, concerning a female of your family.

Lord D. Yes, and—

Car. To whom have I the honour of speaking, sir?

Lord D. Why, you've the honour of speaking to Lord Duberly, madam.

Zek. What! *(gathers up the notes hastily, and comes forward.)*

Car. To Lord Duberly!

Lord D. But Dick's coming up, with Dr. Pangloss hard at his heels, and they'll tell you the long and the short on't.

Zek. What, Dick Dowlas!—Then you be the old chandler they ha' made a lord on?

Lady D. Old chandler, indeed!

Zek. Look ye, now, my Lord Soap and Candles—

Lady D. Soap and candles!

Zek. Your son had better keep clear o' me, I can tell him that.

Enter DICK DOWLAS *and* PANGLOSS.

Dick. Cicely, let me—*(running towards* Cicely.)

Zek. *(interposing.)* Stand off, Mr. Dowlas!—Stand off!—to think to come here to... Od rabbit it! my fingers do itch to be at you. Keep you behind me, sister Cicely.

Dick. My dear Zekiel, I—

Zek. Don't ye *dear* me.—I put little trust in fair words with foul actions.

Cicely. Dear, now, you are so hasty, Zekiel!

Zek. Hold your peace, Cicely.—The best he that wears a head had better be hang'd, than venture to harm you.

Dick. Cicely, I find, has not explain'd.—I am here, Zekiel, to make reparation.

Zek. You have stung me to the quick.—You do know you have.

Dick. I share with you in all the pain, Zekiel, which I have, so wantonly, inflicted. My heart

smote me, even before you left me; and very little reflection convinced me, that, in the vanity of sudden fortune, I had offer'd you, and the woman of my heart, a bitter injury. I am thoughtless, Zekiel, but not deliberately base; and, if you can once more take to your bosom a guilty, but repentant friend,—

Zek. Oh, Dick! Dick!—(*runs, and embraces him.*)—my dear,—my old companion!—Ah, Dick! that be a stony bosom that can shut out an old friend, who be truly grieved for his faults, and do sue for mercy.—It be more than I can do.

Cicely. Dear, I am so happy!

Zek. You have made my heart, many and many a pound, the lighter, Dick.

Dick. And my own too, Zekiel.—And, to prove my sincerity, my father and mother, here, are come with an offer of my hand to Cicely.—Father—

Lord D. Why, my lady here is a little upon the grumpy order, for his calling us chandlers.—But, for my part, I don't value that not of a button. A man needn't take no affront, to be told he was born low, when he has got better in the world without no dishonesty.—There, children, be happy together.

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty. And, as luck be apt to turn wi' us all,—why, I ha' now gotten twenty thousand pounds—

Lord and *Lady D.* How!

Zek. And I war'n't sister Cicely shall ha' summut handsome, toss'd in at the wedding.

Cicely. Aye, all in the lottery.—I'll tell you. (*they go apart.*)

Pang. Twenty thousand pounds! (*goes forward to* Zekiel.)—Sir;—as you will now need a tutor, to usher you into life, three hundred *per annum* are the trifling terms of your obedient servant, Peter Pangloss, L. L. D. and A double S.

Enter KENRICK.

Ken. Stand out of the way!—He's coming, my dear Miss Caroline!—He's coming!

Car. Who, Kenrick?

Ken. 'Tis himself!—'Tis himself!—He's alive, and leaping up stairs, like a young salmon, out of the water.

Car. Who do you mean?

Ken. My dear, young, lost master.—'Tis Mr. Henry, himself, madam.

Car. My Henry!—Oh, support me!

Enter HENRY MORLAND.

Henry. My Caroline!—Oh, let me clasp you to my heart, and shelter you there, for ever. (Caroline *faints in his arms.*)

Lord D. Why, zounds! that's the young sucking madman, as scared me out of my senses, with the old one, this morning.

Car. (*recovering*). This is too much!—Oh, Henry! do we once more meet!—and after such... By what miracle have you escaped?

Ken. Be satisfied, ma'am; for he's too much bother'd, now, to talk.—But you see he's here, and that's enough.—The true, long lost, Mr. Henry Morland.

Lord D. Eh!—What!—Henry Morland!—Why, zounds!—the late Lord Duberly's lost *hair*!

Henry. Son and heir to that revered, and respectable man, be assured, sir. You have done me the favour to be my *locum tenens*, in my absence, and I am now return'd, to relieve you from further trouble.

Lord D. Why, what the devil!—Have I only been a kind of a peer's warming pan, after all!—

Just popp'd in, to keep his place from getting cold, 'till he jump'd into it!

Henry. Nothing more, believe me. I have witnesses sufficient, should it be necessary, to identify my person in a minute.

Lord D. Od rabbit it! then, old Daniel Dowlas is no longer a lord—

Lady D. Nor Deborah Dowlas a lady—

Dick. Nor Dick Dowlas an Honourable—

Pang. Nor Peter Pangloss a tutor.—Now, thank Heaven!—

Lord D. Thank Heaven!—for what?

Pang. "That I'm not worth a ducat."—Otway.—Hem!

Zek. Then it do seem, at last, Dick, that I be the rich man, and you be the poor.—Od rabbit it, I be glad on't; for I can now please myself, wi' serving my friends.

Henry. Who is this, Caroline?

Car. An honest creature, Henry;—brother to this simple girl. Their affection to me, in my distress, has been most piercing.

Henry. Then, it shall not go unrewarded, my Caroline.

Zek. Wi' humble submission, sir, kindness to a fellow creature, in distress, do reward itself. Thanks to the lottery, we be rich enow. But, as Dick Dowlas be to marry sister Cicely, if you would just lend me a helping hand, for his father and mother, here,—

Henry. Oh! rest contented honest friend; I shall not dispossess them without making a proper provision.

Pang. My lord:—hem!—If a boy should bless your nuptials, which, I conjecture, are about to take place, he will, doubtless, need a tutor.—Three hundred *per annum* are the terms of your lordship's obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss, L. L. D. and A double S.

Henry. You are not one of those, it seems, sir, who lose an appointment for want of an early application.

Pang. The human mind, my lord, naturally, looks forward.—"*Animus prævidet futura.*"—Cicero.—Hem!

Henry. If I should need such a person, sir, depend upon it, I should be very particular in my choice; for I suspect there are some, among those to whom youth is entrusted, who bring the character of tutor into disrepute; and draw ridicule upon a respectable situation, in which many men of learning, and probity, are placed.

Pang. This man will never do for me. Again must I retire to Milk Alley, and spin my brains for a subsistence.—"Pangloss's occupation's gone."—Shakspeare.—Hem!

Henry. In calmer moments, my Caroline, I will explain the circumstances of my preservation;—and, when I have paid the mournful tribute due to a much lamented father, let me call you mine, and place you above the reach of future sorrow.

Car. Little sorrow can reach me when you are safe, Henry.

Zek. And we'll get into the country; take a bit farm, and all be as merry as grigs, Dick.

Dick. Agreed, Zekiel.—Come, Cicely! I have seen enough, already, of splendour, to seek for happiness in quieter scenes; and I have learnt, Zekiel, that, in spite of all the allurements which riches, or titles, may boast, the most solid, and valuable possession, is a true friend.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dick. CUSTOM exacts, (and who denies her sway?)
An Epilogue to every Five Act Play.
Pang. You speak it, then; and do not mouth it;—come!
But "be not too tame neither."—Shakspeare.—Hum!
Dan. Od rabbit it! best let these *Logs* alone.
Pang. Epi—
Dan. —Well, *Epi*logs.
Mrs. D. —They're all the *tone*.
Zek. What be the *Eplogue* you be talking on?
Pang. Επι *et* Λογος;—*vide Lexicon.*
Ken. I'll teli you, honey.—Epilogues, they say,
Are what are always spoke before the Play;
By some good-looking gentleman, well drest.
Cicely. Oh, then I'm sure my Dick will speak it best.
Henry. To win the town, the Epilogue intends,
And, the Play over, please our best of friends.
Zek. Please our best friends?—Aye, that be right; I spy
A power, here, we fain would please:—who'll try?
Henry. I.—
Car. —I.
Dan. —I.
Mrs. D. —I.
Zek. —I.
Cis. —I.
Dick. —I.
Ken. —I.
Pang. —And I.
Ken. Och! faith, we're of one mind, had we been twenty!
'Tis carried—
Pang. —*Nemine dissentiente.*
Dick. Thus to begin, then:
If, here, some thoughtless youngster may be found,
In Fashion's giddy vortex whirling round,

EPILOGUE.

May he, to night, from Dick's example, see
That Honour's real prop is Honesty:
May Reformation's pledge his cheek o'ercast;—
The self-accusing blush, for errors past.

Cicely. If there's a lass in love here,—Yes; I've spied her,—
Sitting, quite snug, with that young man beside her;—
(pointing.)
Let her, like Cicely, to this maxim cling;—
Love slights all gold, except a wedding ring.

Dan. Pray, is there ne'er a Chandler here?—because,
Old Daniel Dowlas axes his applause.

Mrs. D. Hush!—Hold your tongue:—

Dan. Why, zounds!—

Mrs. D. —'Twill never stop,

Dan. I'm only begging custom for the shop.

Henry. While filial duty animates our youth;
While virtuous Passion warms the breast of Truth;
With qualities like these, to Britons dear,
Henry may surely hope for favour, here.

Car. And may not *Caroline* applause secure?
Who, to all these, adds feeling for the poor.

Ken. Och, bother!—you've so many virtues here,
There won't be any left for me, I fear.
Burn him who leaves (I can't say more nor less)
A patron, friend, or female, in distress.

Zek. Flesh! gi's your fist! that's hearty now and fair!
You be of Zekiel's kidney to a hair.

Pang. Hem!—On my virtues I shall lay no stress:
I'm L. L. D. and an A double S.
If any body wants a tutor here,
My terms are just three hundred pounds a year.
On their own merits modest men are dumb:
"*Plaudite, et valete!*"—Terence.—Hum!

E. Blackader, Printer, 10, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Colman, George

The heir at law a comedy, in five acts

London 1808
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